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THIRD CHRISTMAS ANNUAL

December 22, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

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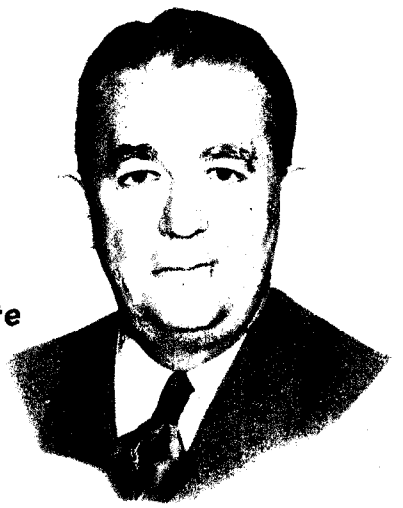

GRADY CLARK *Vice President*
INVESTORS DIVERSIFIED SERVICES

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December 22, 1951

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Our Christmas Annual would not be traditional without a John Pike cover, which perennially awakens a Yuletide spirit unextinguishable by wars, hot or cold. This year it's a reasonable facsimile of the Village Green at Woodstock, New York, with its typical Dutch Reformed Church, the softly glowing community tree and the carol-playing instrumentalists. Unrecognizable, Pike strums the guitar and cartoonist Dave Huffine saws away at the bass viol. The artist built the crèche housing the Nativity scene, but was modest enough to limit its admirers to only two strollers.

Week's Mail

La Prensa & Perón

EDITOR: I have read John Lear's article, Will Eva Cost Perón His Throne? (Nov. 10th) with a great deal of interest, and I have found in it a reference which, because of its evident inaccuracy, obliges me to write you to establish the true facts. Mr. Lear says, "Early in his regime he (Perón) tested his plan by forcing the paper (La Prensa of Buenos Aires) to suspend publication for attacking the dictatorship's educational and social-welfare policies. After losing five days of the richest advertising harvest in South America, Doña Zelmira Paz de Anchorena, the aging lady who then decided the newspaper's course, mistakenly assumed that intelligent compromise was possible, and agreed to apologize in order to resume publication. That convinced Perón that La Prensa fitted his over-all theory of human institutions—that everything has a price."

The writer has evidently been misinformed. My mother, Señora Zelmira Paz de Anchorena, is one of the owners of the daily La Prensa, but she has never acted as a director, and when the government closed La Prensa for five days I was the only director responsible. Besides, neither Señora Paz de Anchorena nor I nor the newspaper La Prensa apologized to the government. The closing of La Prensa for five days was decreed and was carried out by force. At the end of the five days the newspaper resumed publication as before until five years later—in January of this year—when it was suppressed in a manner known to the entire world.

ALBERTO GAINZA PAZ, New York, N.Y.

Courageous Gate-Crasher

EDITOR: Congratulations to George Goodman for his revealing article, I Crashed Stalin's Party (Nov. 10th). He did a swell job of trying to make us lucky Americans realize just how lucky we really are!

GLORIA MATTISON, Springfield, Ore.

. . . I Crashed Stalin's Party proved very interesting and revealing. Mr. Goodman deserves a lot of credit for his courageous undertaking. Something should be done about the way our so-called "American citizens," exposed in Mr. Goodman's article, deride the U.S. The article makes one feel glad to be an American.

JOSEPH R. COYNE, Scranton, Pa.

Army Camouflage

EDITOR: In the Week's Mail (Nov. 3d) Corporal H. M. Nelson, USMC, brought to your attention that the man in the picture on page 15 of the August 18th issue of Collier's was a Marine and not a member of the 27th Infantry Regiment.

Having served with the 27th "Wolfhound" Regiment for the first five months of the Korean campaign, I want to thank Corporal Nelson for straightening out this error. We really aren't trying to rob the Marines of their glory as we have a little of

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PROGRESS AGAINST PNEUMONIA

One of the major achievements of medical science is the progress that it has made against pneumonia. A recent study shows, for example, that for every person who now succumbs to pneumonia, three or four were claimed by it as recently as 15 years ago. This gain has been made possible by improved methods of treatment—including increasingly effective medicines.

Yet, pneumonia is still an important disease—especially among infants and elderly people. It takes an annual toll of about 50,000 lives. Doctors say that this toll could be reduced if the skills of medical science were used *promptly*—at the first signs of pneumonia. This is because the new antibiotic drugs work best when given in the early stages of this disease. So, during the winter everyone should be alert to these warning symptoms of pneumonia:

1. **A severe, shaking chill followed by fever.**
2. **Coughing accompanied by sharp pains in the chest.**
3. **The appearance of rust-colored sputum.**
4. **Difficult or labored breathing.**

Certain types of pneumonia may occur without these symptoms. However, if they do appear, call a doctor promptly, go to bed, and remain quiet.

Remember, too, that a neglected cold—particularly if accompanied by fever only a degree or so above normal—may be a forerunner of pneumonia. Even if fever does not occur, it is always wise to take care of a cold, especially one that "hangs on." Stay home and rest if you can, eat lightly, and drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids.

While medical science can assure recovery from respiratory infections in a vast majority of cases, *prevention* is still largely up to *you*. To guard against pneumonia—as well as colds, influenza, and other respiratory conditions—the following precautions are advisable.

Try to build up your resistance: get plenty of sleep, avoid excessive fatigue, and eat a well-balanced diet.

Dress warmly when going out, especially during cold, damp weather.

Keep away from people who cough or sneeze carelessly.

The wisest precaution of all, however, is to keep in the best possible physical condition—for those with the most resistance and vigor have a definite advantage in avoiding pneumonia and other winter ailments.

Metropolitan's booklet, 152C, "Respiratory Diseases," contains helpful information on many respiratory ailments. Simply fill in and mail the coupon for a copy.

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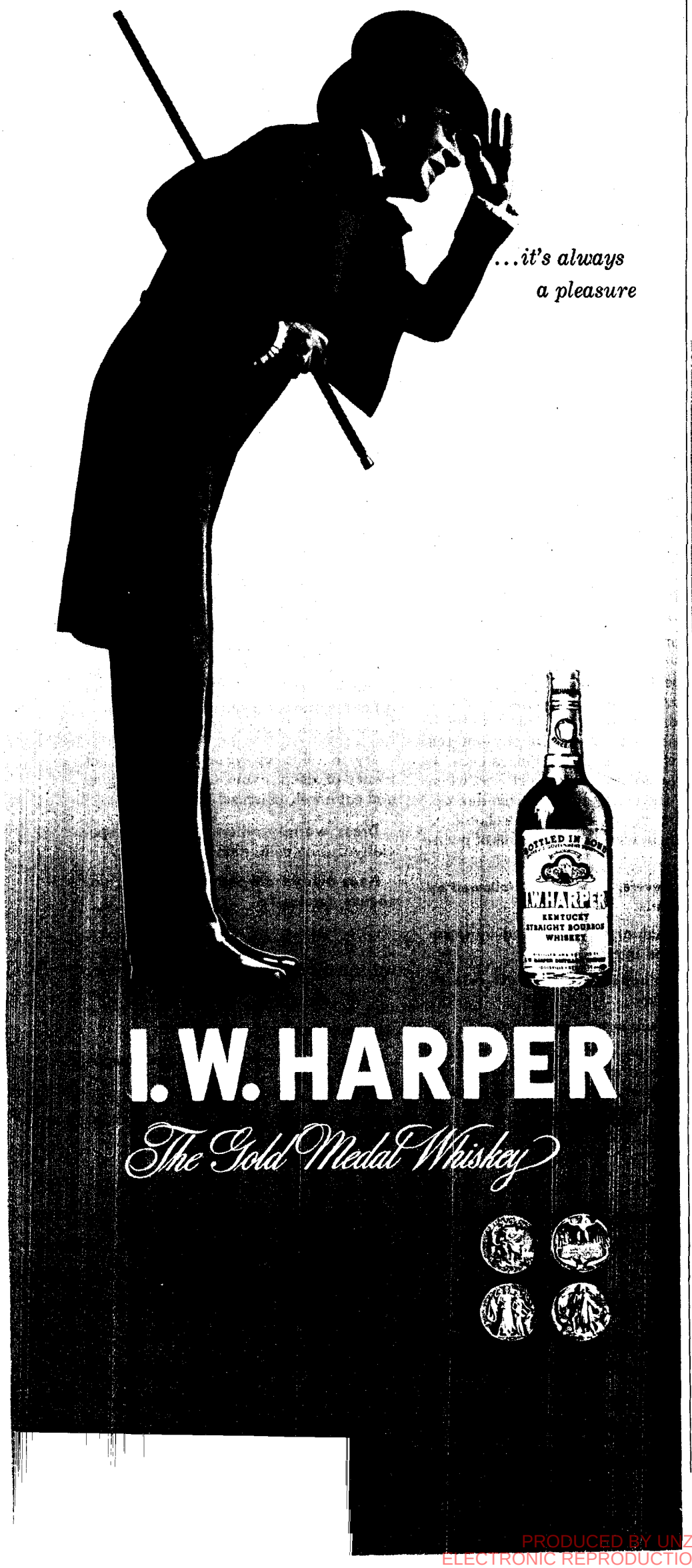

our own. Also for Corporal Nelson's information, quite a few of the Army men improvised helmet covers in the early days of the campaign—ingenuity, you know; they don't have to be issued to the Army.

SGT. J. D. BARRY, Formerly E. Co., 27th Inf., Denver, Colo.

. . . In Collier's Week's Mail there was a letter from a Marine stating a certain picture of a man in Korea with camouflage helmet on was a Marine and not a "Wolfhound." I beg to differ, but the man in the picture is a "Wolfhound" from the I & R Platoon of the 27th Infantry Regiment. I was there when this picture was taken.

We in the Army were not issued the camouflage covers but we often made them, as the Army does have camouflage shelter halves, and they were cut up and used in camouflaging. As a matter of fact, the picture was taken just south of Andong, Korea, about a week or so before the Marines came to Korea.

SGT. FIRST CLASS SAUL, X Wolfhound, U.S. Army

Helping Hand

Take someone to church this week . . . *you'll both be richer for it*

EDITOR: Thank you for your picture and words, "Take someone to church this week . . . you'll both be richer for it." It makes us feel we are not working alone to fill the church pews of our nation.

ROBERT S. WOMER, D.D., General Secretary, The Sunday League, Inc., Newark, N.J.

Executive Authority

EDITOR: Anent your editorial One Sure Way to Cause a Good Big Blowup (Nov. 10th), may I say that it is indeed regrettable that one must assume from President Truman's order to restrict information that he considers himself the government.

His easily aroused ire would indicate that he is very jealous of his authority. His refusal to take into his confidence the members of the Senate on matters of vital importance to the nation's welfare places him in history now. He does not have to wait for the future to decide his place therein.

The whole concept of what a President is authorized to do as such was originally changed by the first Roosevelt. The second Roosevelt multiplied that executive authority many times and now we are witnessing the abuse of executive authority the extent of which augurs ominous consequences.

The sooner we get back to operating under the limits set by the Constitution the better we will be.

WILLIAM J. BLACK, North Hollywood, Cal.

More About General Ike

EDITOR: My first fan letter—but this is a must. Reason? I've just finished reading Leonard Finder's article, Why Ike *Will* Run (Nov. 3d). Mr. Finder's article was exceptional in that it gives materialization to a growing demand of the people.

Perhaps the people's *hope* of having Eisenhower for President was suppressed by his refusal of nomination in '48, but their *desire* to see him as their President was not diminished one whit It is true that, out of sheer respect for the general's wishes, a vast majority of us did not press our point. But since it is becoming increasingly (and distressingly) evident that there is no other candidate having as many capable qualities as he, it is only natural that the Ike-for-President campaign has again gained momentum.

Let's all of us keep plugging. We've got Churchill safely installed again in Great Britain (I say "we," for surely no election abroad has ever before been of such importance to the American people)—now let's get Eisenhower as our leader over here.

MRS. NOEL E. WOOLSEY, Carlsbad, N.M.

. . . Permit me to augment the ranks of those who feel sincerely grateful to Collier's for the article on General Eisenhower by Leonard Finder.

For those of us who have nothing more at stake, politically, than to participate as voters in an able, decent and effective national government, Eisenhower's nomination is an absolute necessity.

JOHN A. FOSTER, Portland, Ore.

The Cushing Story

EDITOR: Congratulations to you and Joseph F. Dinneen for the warm and truly Inspiring Story of Archbishop Cushing (Nov. 10th).

Here is a portrait that brings to light not only a dynamic personality but also the progressive spiritual leader whom we so often neglect in this age of secularism.

ANNETTE PIESLAK, Morrisville, Pa.

. . . I read with much interest Joseph F. Dinneen's Inspiring Story of Archbishop *Cushing. It is a praiseworthy article* and your magazine deserves much credit for having published it, allowing great numbers of our citizens to become better acquainted with the life and work of the energetic apostolic Metropolitan of the Province of New England. This prelate is generous to a fault. His name is held in benediction by hosts of missionaries in remote parts of the globe and his benefactions to the poor of all denominations will never be fully known. If any criticism could be placed against Mr. Dinneen's article, it would be relative to his remarks concerning the late great William Henry Cardinal O'Connell (1859-1944), predecessor of the celebrated Archbishop Cushing in the See of Boston. It seems a bit unfair to picture so gifted a leader in the light that Mr. Dinneen has done in the name of the cardinal. His Eminence guided the great Archdiocese of Boston through 37 fruitful and trying years. To be sure, the present ordinary has improved upon and enlarged the accomplishments of the cardinal in a different era, but his predecessor left a record that would be hard to beat in some ways.

VINCENT DE P. A. ALDEN, Washington, D.C.

Puzzlement in Rhodesia

EDITOR: Having recently become a reader of your magazine, I was looking forward to the Football Preview (Sept. 15th), as I have always been interested in this game of yours, although entirely ignorant of its technicalities.

Judge my disappointment then, when I opened up to find the article studded with words and phrases like "sophomores, frosh fuzz-faces, two-platoon system, gridirons," etc.

It left me just as much in the dark as ever I was, unable to distinguish between football language and everyday Americanisms.

Is there perhaps some kind person among your readers who can offer me enlightenment?

W. J. GRANT, Wankie, Southern Rhodesia

Some kind editor provides the following clues:
Sophomore: second-year college student.
***Frosh fuzz-faces*: first-year college students who have not yet started to shave.**
Two-platoon system: one team for offense, one for defense.
Gridirons: football fields.

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"He certainly worships his horse opera heroes. But I'm working on an idea that'll make the lad proud of his dad too."

"Don't tell me *you're* taking to the saddle!"

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

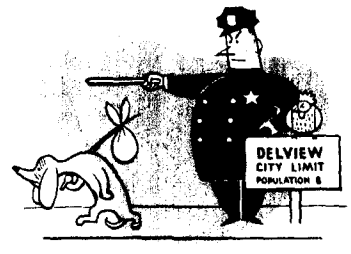
There was injustice and cruelty even then, nineteen and a half centuries ago. Even then, tyrants sullen with power fought to keep the world benighted because they were afraid of the light. They sought through force to sustain fear and superstition, and decreed death for those who would not obey. But they could not kill the light which was kindled in a stable on a peaceful hillside in Palestine. They tried. But the very beating of their ironclad fists fanned that small flame until it became the Light of the World. We who live by that light today are told by the puny tyrants of our own time that all we believe is false. They would have us bow before a dictator who preaches darkness, who lives in darkness, who is darkness. We in this season turn our eyes again toward the hill where nineteen and a half centuries past our light was born, never to grow dim. Observe it well. For it, thank the God that gave it. It is Christmas.

★ ★ ★

In Spokane there's a man to whom Christmas is not merely a day but a trust. He has little to give except kindness and an abounding energy that he shares with his friends and neighbors. Mrs. Harry MacClernand tells us his name is Joel Kovsky and that for many years he has worked diligently for the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Omaha Railway. His neighbors rise in the morning to find their sidewalks cleared of snow. In summer their gardens are watered and weeded, their yards mowed and neatly trimmed. Of course they know that Joel Kovsky has done it; and Joel knows they know. There was a time when some of his neighbors tried to pay him. Joel gently waved them away. Says he is merely trying to return good for good because people have been nice to him. He finds gifts left anonymously on his doorstep—fruit and vegetables, for example. The mail brings money which he cannot return because the sender gives no name. We're going on at quite a rate about Joel Kovsky, aren't we? Well, why shouldn't we? Old Forty-eight envies him.

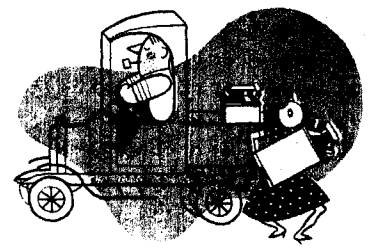
★ ★ ★

The incorporated town of Delview, North Carolina, has a somewhat less than teeming population of eight human beings and no dogs. There used to be dogs in Delview, which is the reason the place became an incorporated town. This, admittedly, is a somewhat complex bit of intelligence, but we shall do our best to clear things up. Davis P. Dellinger and his two brothers had a poultry farm in Delview. Stray dogs used their ranch as a lunch wagon, devouring broilers, fryers and so forth in ruinous numbers. The Dellingers appealed to the county authorities for protection. County authorities couldn't seem to do much about it. The Dellingers went to the state legislature, asking for municipal incorporation papers. Got them. The first law adopted by the new municipality of Delview gave it the right to keep dogs out. What our Raleigh man is trying to say is that Delview is the only town in the country that is now in no danger of going to the dogs. We have notified our Raleigh man that one more crack like that and he's through.



★ ★ ★

And here's a social note from Mrs. Frank W. Laverty, of Bigelow, Arkansas. Up to the depot, says she, drove a tall, powerful man and his "wisp of a wife." He stopped the truck, got out, hustled around



LOWELL HESS

to his wife's side, bowed, opened the door and gently helped her out. Then he got back in behind the wheel while she wrestled two filled 40-quart milk cans out of the truck and laboriously wheeled them to the platform. When she reappeared, Mrs. Laverty assures us, the man jumped out, opened the door for her, bowed, helped her in and drove off. Women appreciate those little courtesies.

★ ★ ★

A nasty problem has just been solved by the National Bureau of Standards. It was put up to them by the government's General Services Administration, which found that an increasing number of federal employees were falling down in government office buildings. The bureau went to work, making a vast number of tests with a "pendulum impact-type slipperiness tester" and proceeded to write a set of skid-prevention rules warranted to keep federal employees perpendicular while working. Perhaps you'd care for a few of them: (a) face in the direction you are walking; (b) keep to the right when turning blind corners; (c) don't read while walking; (d) enter corridors with caution. The rest of the rules may be summed up as Look Where You're Going. No penalty for nonobservance of these rules has been set, but our informant tells us that since they've been posted, there has been a noticeable decrease in the number of government employees seen walking around backward.

★ ★ ★

Old Forty-eight's mail is pretty heavy this week. A New Hampshire man advertises: "For sale—One slightly used tombstone. Ideal for a family named Swiggins." . . . University of Georgia announces it has developed a seedless watermelon. Correspondent wanted to know how they plant them. Answer was, just plant the whole melon . . . John T. Bravenill writes from Beatrice, Nebraska, that "one more tax boost and a guy will have to work like a dog to live like one." . . . We've tried hard but have not been able to raise a lather about something Wayne Pennington of the Lederle Laboratories in New York has just told us. Mr. Pennington says that it isn't at all unusual for snails to die of senility at

(Continued on page 65)

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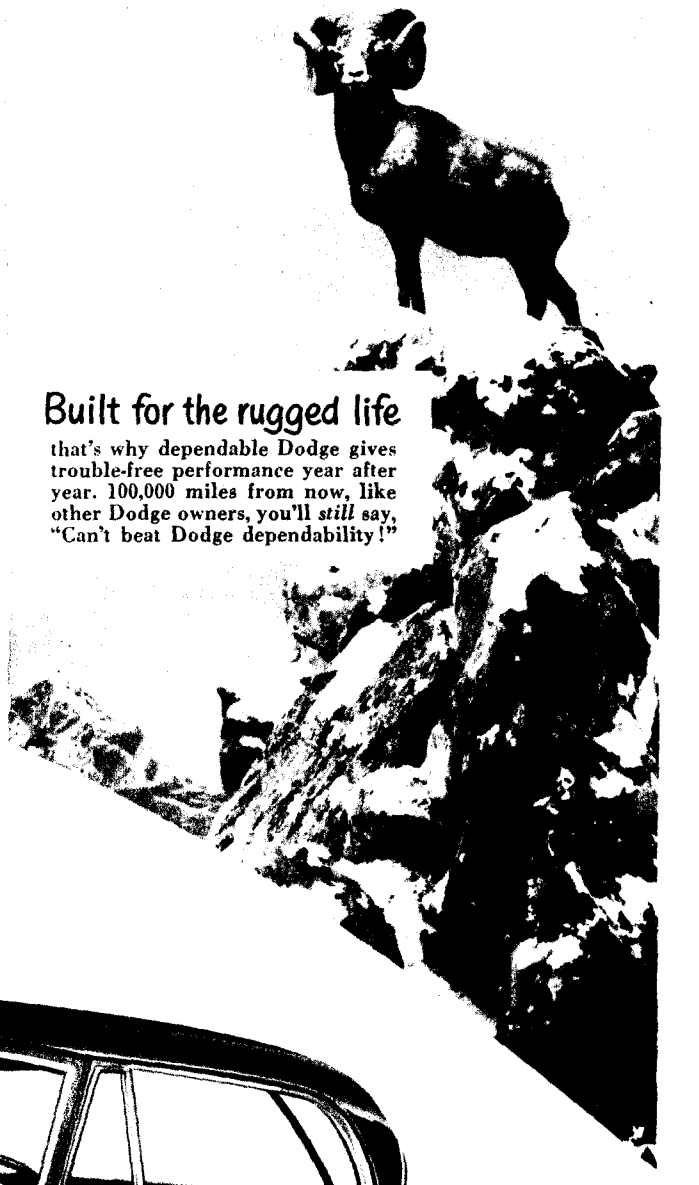
Smooth as a millpond...

that's the way you glide along with Dodge Oriflow Ride. Blindfold tests *proved* the roughest roads feel like smooth super-highways! You'll discover there's no other ride like it!

Visibility unlimited...

in every direction! Landscape windshield, narrow corner posts, eye-level side windows and tremendous rear window give Watchtower visibility for much safer, easier driving.

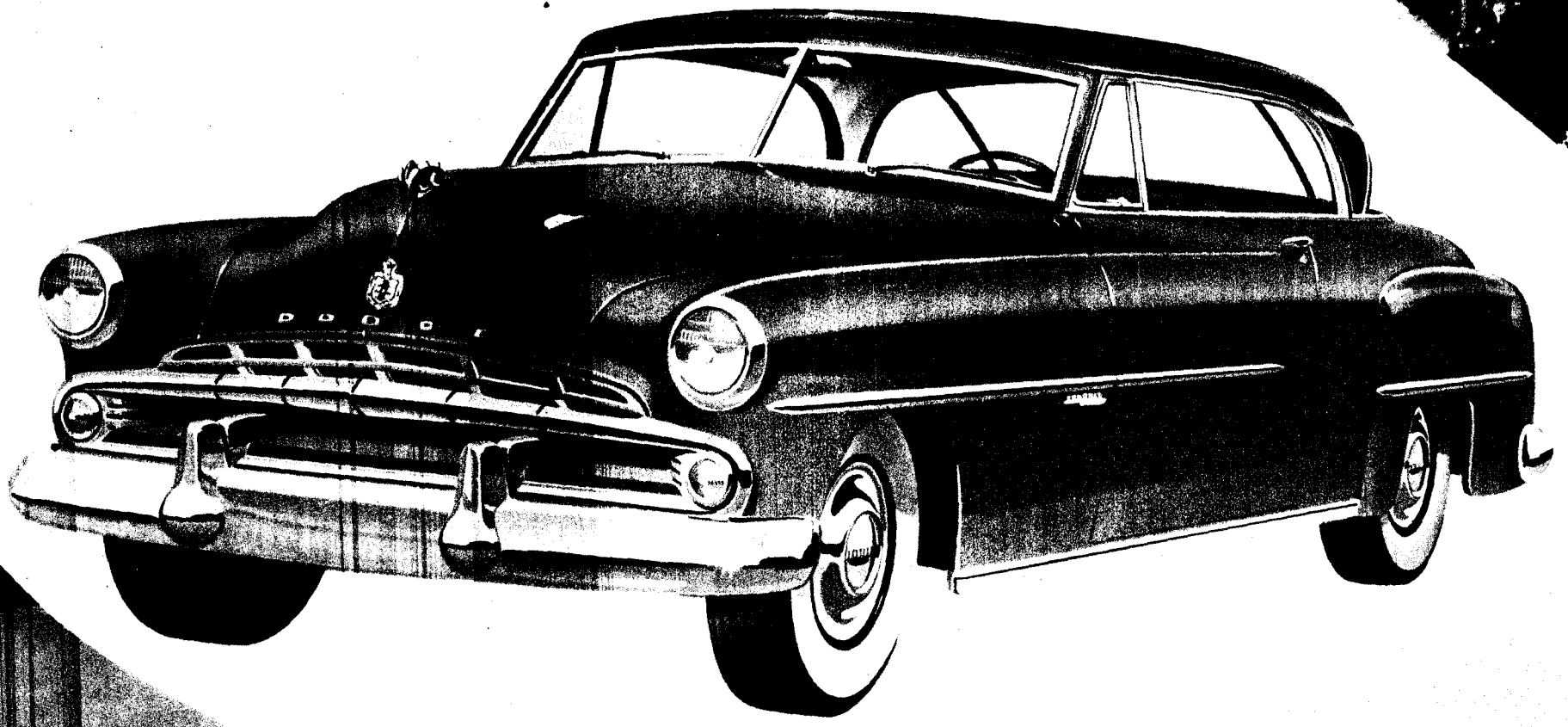


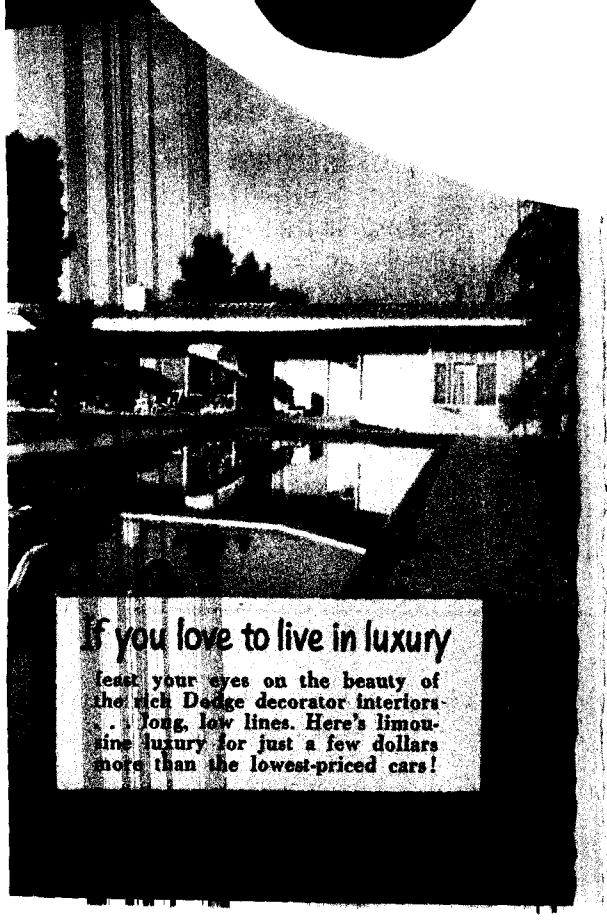
Built for the rugged life

that's why dependable Dodge gives trouble-free performance year after year. 100,000 miles from now, like other Dodge owners, you'll *still* say, "Can't beat Dodge dependability!"

Again it's true for '52

You could still pay hundreds of dollars more for a car and not get all this great new '52 Dodge gives you!





If you love to live in luxury

feast your eyes on the beauty of the rich Dodge decorator interiors . . . long, low lines. Here's limousine luxury for just a few dollars more than the lowest-priced cars!

Designed for those who'd love to live in luxury, but didn't know they could afford it . . . that's the breathtaking new Dodge for '52!

With all this style-setting beauty, inside and out—Dodge gives you greater roominess and comfort than many cars costing far more, For all its smart, road-hugging lines—Dodge gives extra headroom and stretch-out leg room to delight a car full of six-footers! And there's none of that "sitting on a cushion on the floor" feeling—for Dodge gives you knee-level seats that let you ride in perfect comfort . . . relaxed and refreshed!

You'll never believe how much driving ease and comfort, safety, luxury and dependability Dodge offers until you drive one yourself. Experience the thrill of Dodge Gyro-Matic (America's lowest-priced automatic transmission). Your Dodge dealer will welcome the opportunity to let you drive this great car. He knows that if you drive a Dodge 5 minutes—you'll drive it for years!

Specifications and equipment subject to change without notice.

DODGE DEPENDABILITY VALUE

Big new dependable '52 **DODGE**

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Somehow...it wouldn't be Christmas without a tree

To you—to all of us—the tree is the very spirit of Christmas—clean and fragrant . . . gayety and cheer in its lights and ornaments . . . loving gifts heaped beneath it.

Where it stands . . . there is your own little corner of happiness in a troubled world. *What* it stands for . . . makes you deeply thankful that you are an American with a right to express freely your belief in a way of life that seeks peace and good will for all mankind.

Guard this ageless symbol of Christmas joy. Protect it from thoughtless or careless acts that would change it, in a tragic instant, into a flaming inferno.

Observe these Safety Rules for a Merry Christmas

DO choose a small tree. It's less of a fire hazard. Keep it away from radiators, heater, fireplace. Use wiring with the U.L. Label. Dispose of gift wrappings promptly *outside* the house. Take tree down when needles start to fall.

DON'T use cotton, paper or other flammable material for decorations. Don't use candles. Don't use frayed light strings or worn extension cords. Don't overload circuits. Don't leave tree lights burning when you go out. Don't smoke or use matches near tree.

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE SPONSORED BY THE CAPITAL STOCK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES, THEIR AGENTS AND BROKERS, THROUGH THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, 85 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK 38, N. Y.

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And It Came to Pass...

LUKE 2. 1-20

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. (And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem (because he was of the house and lineage of David), to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child.

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child. And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them.

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

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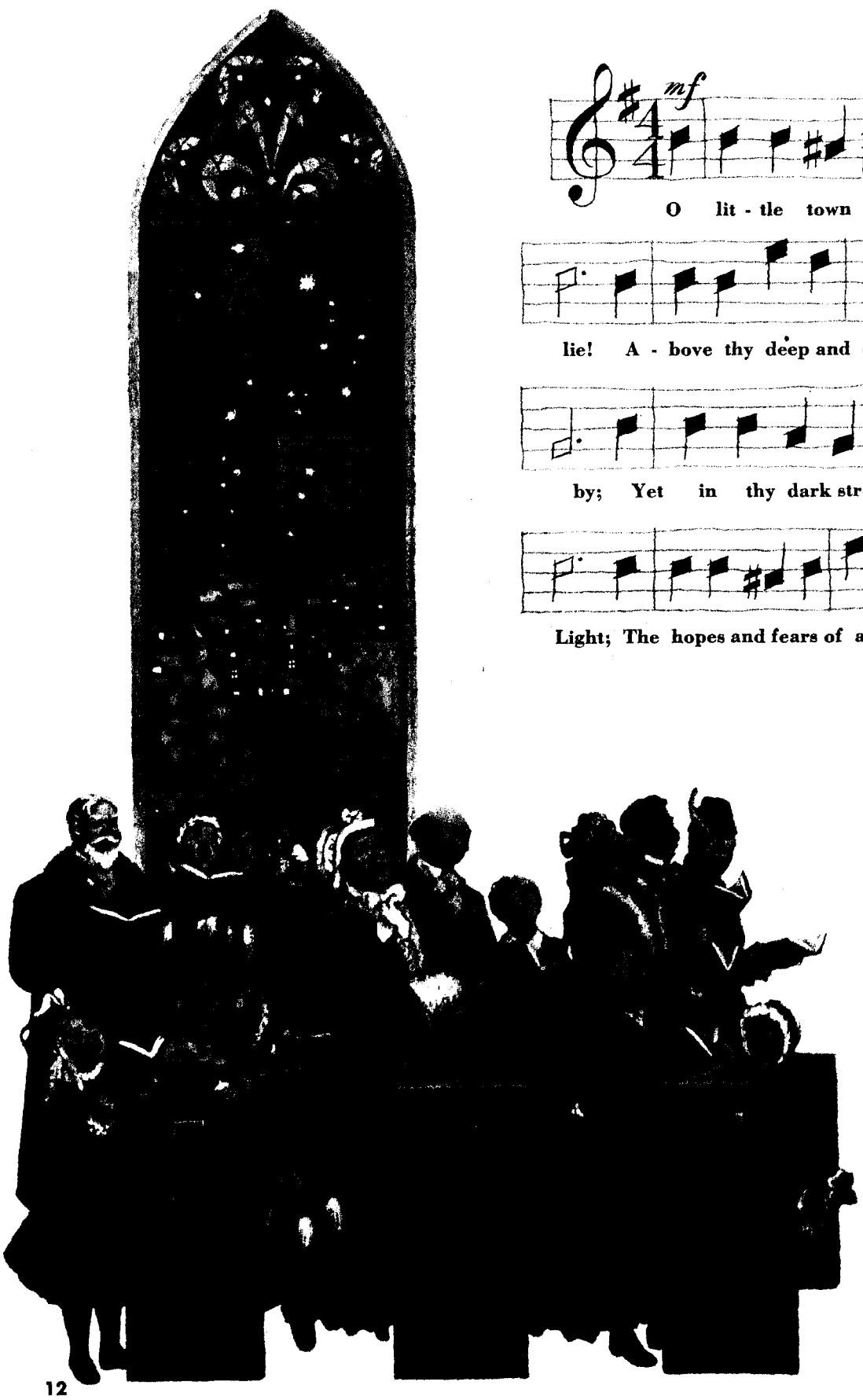
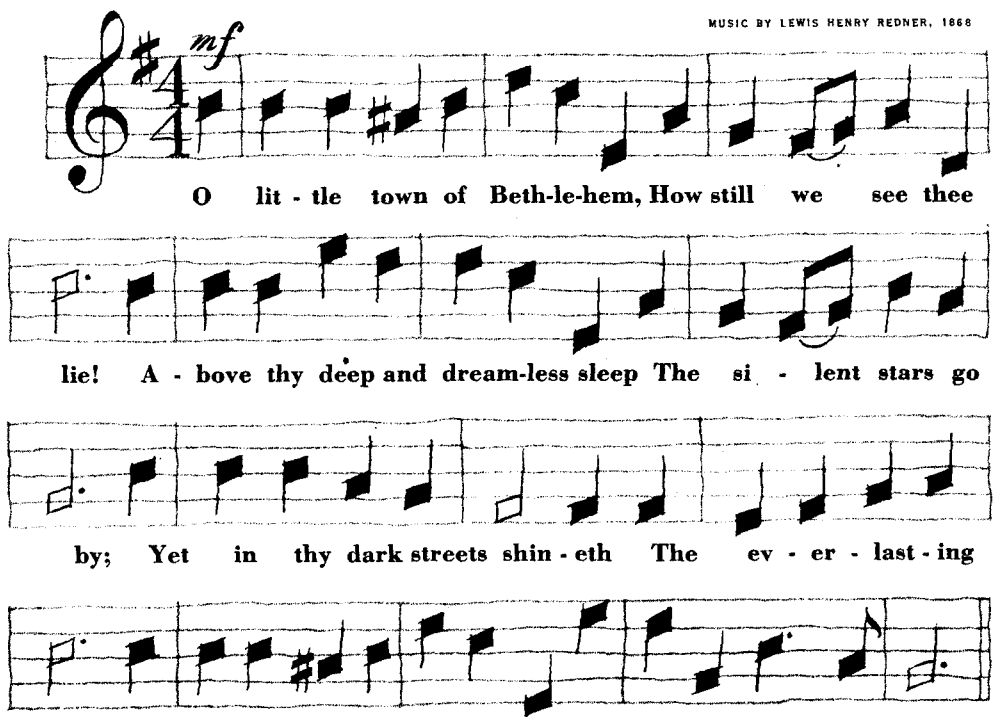
O Little Town of Bethlehem

By PHILLIPS BROOKS

MUSIC BY LEWIS HENRY REDNER, 1868

mf
O lit - tle town of Beth-le-hem, How still we see thee
lie! A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go
by; Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing
Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of His heaven.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell;
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel!

CHRISTMAS SONGS AND EASTER CAROLS, BY PHILLIPS BROOKS. PUBLISHED BY E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY, INC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWICKI

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Christmas in Maine

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

IF YOU want to have a Christmas like the one we had on Paradise Farm when I was a boy, you will have to hunt up a salt-water farm on the Maine coast, with bays on both sides of it, and a road that goes around all sorts of bays, up over Misery Hill and down, and through the fir trees so close together that they brush you and your horse on both cheeks. That is the only kind of place a Christmas like that grows. You must have a clear December night, with blue Maine stars snapping like sapphires with the cold, and the big moon flooding full over Misery, and lighting up the snowy spruce boughs like crushed diamonds. You ought to be wrapped in a buffalo robe to your nose, and be sitting in a family pung, and have your breath trailing along with you as you slide over the dry, whistling snow. You will have to sing the songs we sang, "God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen" and "Joy to the World," and you will be able to see your songs around you in the air like blue smoke. That's the only way to come to a Paradise Christmas.

And you really should cross over at least one broad bay on the ice, and feel the tide rifts bounce you as the runners slide over them. And if the whole bay booms out, every now and then, and the sound echoes around the wooded islands for miles, you will be having the sort of ride we loved to take from town, the night before Christmas.

I won't insist on your having a father like ours to drive you home to your Christmas. One with a wide moustache full of icicles, and eyes like the stars of the morning. That would be impossible, anyway, for there has been only one of him in the world. But it is too bad, just the same. For you won't have the stories we had by the fireplace. You won't hear about Kitty Wells who died beautifully in song just as the sun came over the tops of the eastern mountains and just after her lover had named the wedding day, and you will not hear how Kitty's departure put an end to his mastering the banjo:

"But death came in my cabin door
And took from me my joy, my pride,
And when they said she was no more,
I laid my banjo down and cried."

But you will be able to have the rooms of the farmhouse banked with emerald jewels clustered on bayberry boughs, clumps of everlasting roses with gold spots in the middle of them, tree evergreens, and the *(Continued on page 42)*

BY ARRANGEMENT WITH AND PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

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The Carol That Never Was Sung

By ALFRED HASSLER

THE first Christmas Eve, of course, was a very important event. The birthday of the Child called for the biggest celebration the heavenly hosts had ever had. Even the Carols, held in reserve for ages for some really special event, would be sung.

The choir was to be one of Heaven's very best, with some exceptionally rich angelic tenors and basses brought in from the glee club to help out. All the stars had been rubbed with a special polish, and one brand new star added just for the occasion. The Carols were quite puffed up with pride and excitement, and they all promised solemnly to be on hand in plenty of time.

On the great night, everything went off fine. The stars shone as they had never shone before, the angel choir outdid itself in paeans of joy, and the Carols were a great success. There was only one little flaw, and hardly anyone even noticed it. One of the Carols didn't get there in time.

In fact, it didn't get there at all.

It was quite a sweet Carol, too, the angel singers told each other, a little sadly. It had been a pity not to have sung it.

The Carol was very penitent. It had stopped on the way, it explained vaguely. Something had got its attention, and it had stopped, and been late. Questioning by the Choirmaster produced little more. The Carol got vaguer and vaguer as the questions became sharper and sharper. Only one thing it seemed sure about.

It would never happen again, the Carol promised earnestly.

But it did.

Down through the ages, when the Carols would gather to celebrate the Child's birthday, the Last Carol would always be late—too late. The choirs sang in the great cathedrals and churches, and carolers stood in the snow outside warm windows lit with candle or lamp or electric bulb, but the Last Carol never was on hand. In spite of all the solemn resolutions it made, each year it turned up with some vague excuse, or even none at all.

They were very patient with the Carol, but of course one can be patient only so long. All the protests, all the reasoning, seemed to have no results. The Carol would be ashamed and remorseful, and would promise to do better the next time, but each year the same thing would happen all over again. The Last Carol was quite incorrigible.

When nearly twenty long *(Continued on page 63)*

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Keeping Christmas

By HENRY VAN DYKE

He that regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord.
—Romans, XIV: 6.

IT IS a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons, when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity which runs on sun time.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow-men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe, and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke; and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always?

But you can never keep it alone.

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This Holy Night

By ELEANOR FARJEON

GOD bless your house this holy night,
And all within it;

God bless the candle that you light
To midnight's minute:

The board at which you break your bread,
The cup you drink of:

And as you raise it, the unsaid
Name that you think of:

The warming fire, the bed of rest,
The ringing laughter:

These things, and all things else be blest
From floor to rafter

This holy night, from dark to light,
Even more than other:

And, if you have no house to-night,
God bless you, brother.

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Three Stockings

By JAN STRUTHER

This delightful addition to Christmas gaiety is from the book Mrs. Miniver, a collection of sketches about a happily married Englishwoman, published in 1940. A picture based on the book won seven Academy Awards in 1942. Jan Struther, who was born in England, is married to A. K. Placzek, assistant librarian of Avery Architectural Library at Columbia University

HOWEVER much one groaned about it beforehand, however much one hated making arrangements and doing up parcels and ordering several days' meals in advance—when it actually happened Christmas Day was always fun.

It began in the same way every year: the handle of her bedroom door being turned just loudly enough to wake her up, but softly enough not to count as waking her up on purpose: Toby glimmering like a moth in the dark doorway, clutching a nobbly Christmas stocking in one hand and holding up his pyjama trousers with the other. (He insisted upon pyjamas, but he had not yet outgrown his sleeping-suit figure.)

"Toby! It's only just after six. I did say not till seven."

"But, Mummy, I can't tell the time." He was barefoot and shivering, and his eyes were like stars.

"Come here and get warm, you little *goat*." He was into her bed in a flash, stocking and all. The tail of a clockwork dog scratched her shoulder.

A few moments later another head appeared round the door, a little higher up.

"Judy, darling, it's *too* early, honestly."

"I know, but I heard Toby come in, so I knew you must be awake."

"All right, you can come into bed, but you've got to keep quiet for a bit. Daddy's still asleep."

And then a third head, higher up still, and Vin's voice, even deeper than it had been at Long Leave.

"I say, are the others in here? I thought I heard them."

He curled himself up on the foot of his father's bed. And by that time, of course, Clem was awake too. The old transparent stratagem had worked to perfection once more: there was nothing for it but to switch on the lights, shut the windows, and admit that Christmas Day had insidiously but definitely begun.

The three right hands—Vin's strong and broad, Judy's thin and flexible, Toby's still a star-fish—plunged in and out of the three distorted stockings, until there was nothing left but the time-hallowed tangerine in the toe. (It was curious how that tradition lingered, even nowadays when children had a good supply of fruit all the year around.) Their methods were as different as their hands. Vin, with little grunts of approval, examined each object carefully as he drew it out, exploring all its possibilities before he went on to the next. Judy, talking the whole time, pulled all her treasures out in a heap, took a quick glance at them and went straight for the one she liked best—a minikin baby in a wicker cradle. Toby pulled all his out, too, *(Continued on page 68)*

FROM MRS. MINIVER, COPYRIGHT, 1940, BY JAN STRUTHER. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION OF HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY, INC.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRED BANBERY

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The Mahogany Tree

By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

CHRISTMAS is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we:
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

Commoner greens,
Ivy and oaks,
Poets, in jokes,
Sing, do you see?
Good fellows' shins
Here, boys, are found,
Twisting around
The Mahogany Tree.

Once on the boughs
Birds of rare plume
Sang in its bloom;
Night birds are we:
Here we carouse,
Singing like them,
Perched round the stem
Of the jolly old tree.

Here let us sport,
Boys, as we sit;
Laughter and wit
Flashing so free.
Life is but short—
When we are gone,
Let them sing on,
Round the old tree.

Evenings we knew,
Happy as this;
Faces we miss,
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree.

Care, like a dun,
Lurks at the gate:
Let the dog wait;
Happy we'll be!
Drink every one;
Pile up the coals,
Fill the red bowls,
Round the old tree.

Drain we the cup.—
Friend, art afraid?
Spirits are laid
In the Red Sea.
Mantle it up;
Empty it yet;
Let us forget,
Round the old tree.

Sorrows, begone!
Life and its ills,
Duns and their bills,
Bid we to flee.
Come with the dawn,
Blue-devil sprite;
Leave us tonight,
Round the old tree.

ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT SHINN

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Mister Skip

By IRENE SMITH

MISTER SKIP lived in the bell tower of a crumbling old stone church. Each autumn the wind carried a few dry leaves in through the open portals of his lodging, heaping the pile already there. As these were never swept out, and as many years had passed since Mister Skip first came to live in the steeple above the hamlet of Elsenborg, he now had a snug warm bed under which to lie when the winter winds blew cold. There among his leaves, where the rusty iron bell hung high over the church, he dwelt in great contentment.

No one knew how long ago Mister Skip had gotten his name, because he was by far the oldest inhabitant of Elsenborg. The title was an affectionate one, for Mister Skip was a friendly little brownie; and though he enjoyed a good prank now and then and was too clever and quick to be caught in it, he was also too neighborly to do harm.

Sometimes when the children were gathering nuts in the woods and a nut dropped from the tree right into their pail they would look up to the leafy branches and say, quite as a matter of course, "Thank you, Mister Skip."

He had a whole bag of tricks, such as hanging a blossom over the cow's ear, or sticking a leaf in the butter tub. He loved to tangle the wash on the line and roll an apple across the floor, but these jokes only made folks laugh and say, "That Mister Skip!"

His friends were not acquainted with all his tricks however, for he kept his really important affairs to himself. He had never let anyone suspect that he was a trusted helper to old Santa Claus and that Christmas Eve was his big, busy night of the year. When all the children were in bed on the night before Christmas it was Mister Skip's duty to look into every window and see that they were sound asleep, for Santa Claus would not come near Elsenborg until Mister Skip said everything was all right.

The little brownie took this job seriously and worked hard at it. He knew each child in the village as well as the very bed in which the child slept, and never once had Mister Skip made a mistake. When he reported that the hamlet of Elsenborg was ready, Santa Claus knew that there was not one eyelid fluttering or a single child waiting to peep. No indeed, the children couldn't fool Mister Skip. He had had too much experience.

To do all that he had to do on Christmas Eve, however Mister Skip needed a partner to his plan, for brownies cannot fly and his messages to Santa Claus required the speed of wings. So he had persuaded a friend of his, a very respectable old gull, to move up from the ocean cliffs and take lodging in the bell tower. The bird had brought seaweed from his former home to build a nest beneath the ancient stone ledge, near the top of the winding stairs, and close by Mister Skip's leaf pile. These two were close companions, so it was natural that the *(Continued on page 47)*

FROM THE SANTA CLAUS BOOK, BY IRENE SMITH; PUBLISHED BY FRANKLIN WATTS, INC. COPYRIGHT, 1948, BY IRENE SMITH GREEN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARGARET NIELSEN

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The Gift of the Magi

By O. HENRY

ONE dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with a powder-puff. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a gray cat walking a gray fence in a gray back yard. Tomorrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only $1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only $1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling—something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honor of being owned by Jim.

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an eight-dollar flat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its color within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. She did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she *(Continued on page 64)*

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TRAN MAWICKE

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ANGUS MC BEAN

Sir Laurence, as Caesar, crowns the youthful Egyptian queen in a scene from Shaw's play, which launches the two-night performance

ANGUS MC BEAN

Next night, in Shakespeare's opus, Lady Olivier is wooed by Antony. A near sellout already, run will be limited due to demands of roles

Cleopatra and Friends

By J. L. NEWMAN

On consecutive nights lovely Vivien Leigh plays the temptress, young and aging, and husband Laurence Olivier doubles as Caesar and Antony. The tour de force comes to Broadway shortly

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER and his wife Vivien Leigh soon will reach a high point in their joint career as one of the theater's outstanding romantic teams. They are bringing to Broadway their twin London successes, Bernard Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra and Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, which, as in the production originally staged for last summer's Festival of Britain, they will play on alternate evenings—shifting from humor to tragedy, from the caprices of the adolescent Egyptian queen and the aging Julius Caesar, to the moody eloquence of the mature Cleopatra and her lover Mark Antony.

And they have brought with them all the trappings of the London engagement—sets, costumes and casts. For the past few weeks, stagehands have been busy reassembling 25 tons of stage effects, including a 10-ton revolving stage built in England to fit the special requirements of New York's Ziegfeld Theater, a sphinx seven feet high and 15 feet long, a barge, a lighthouse and several sets of pillars that look splendid enough for the palaces of Alexandria and Rome.

There is no reason to expect that the queues which will form outside the Ziegfeld Theater will be any less impressive than those that attended the production in England last summer. In fact, the scramble for tickets to the two Cleopatras has been going on for months.

All this should bring a measure of comfort to the Oliviers, who just about a year ago found themselves facing the opening of Britain's great national spectacle of art and science—without a play.

Having established themselves in both Britain and America as two of the leading stage and film personalities of the day, they looked upon the Festival as a challenge, an opportunity to bid for the prize of the season's best production, and to display themselves before an international audience as England's first theatrical couple.

They wanted a hit, not just another hit, but one that would top even such triumphs as Olivier's tour of duty as actor-director with the Old Vic Company, his magnificent films Henry V and Hamlet, and Vivien Leigh's two great movie successes, Selznick's Gone with the Wind and Warner Brothers' A Streetcar Named Desire.

The search for the right play began at the end of last year, while the Oliviers were working on their respective movies in Hollywood—Laurence in Paramount's as-yet-unreleased Carrie, based on Theodore Dreiser's Sister Carrie, and Vivien in Streetcar. They considered and discarded countless plays. Olivier wanted to do Sheridan's The School for Scandal, but the all-star cast he had in mind included actor John Gielgud, who had Festival plans of his own—Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale, which he was to do with Diana Wynyard and Flora Robson.

The couple picked each other's brains and those of their friends in Hollywood. Garson Kanin suggested The Admirable Crichton, but that idea was rejected. Finally, loaded down with stacks of plays, they took a slow cargo ship back to England, hoping that by the time they landed at Plymouth they would have the answer.

Other members of the board of Laurence Olivier Productions, Limited (a company Olivier established shortly after the war, with himself as chairman, his agent Cecil Tennant as managing director, and a board made up of Vivien Leigh, Roger Furse, the company's bright, bearded stage designer, and Alexander Korda, their adviser on films) assembled anxiously at their office in the St. James's Theater to receive the big news.

They were getting increasingly nervous because the time had come to start rehearsals. But the Oliviers were as barren of ideas at the end of the trip as they had been at the beginning.

Presently, someone asked what they thought about Shaw's Caesar and Cleopatra. But that didn't suit Vivien Leigh. She was more ambitious and she wanted a bigger role.

Then Roger Furse thought it was time for a little fun, a little joke to lighten the gloomy atmosphere.

"Let's do the two Cleopatras," he laughed, "the Shaw and the Shakespeare. We could save money with a single billing."

The idea startled the Oliviers, who gave it only a moment's thought before dismissing it as too expensive a project, and one involving too many parts; there would be 71. *(Continued on page 53)*

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FAIRSERVIS

Expedition encountered colorful Kuchi nomads, crossing desert just as ancestors did thousands of years ago. Note chicken sitting atop camel

JOURNEY to 4000 B.C.

A team of young scientists finds excitement in Afghanistan seeking the lost trail of prehistoric man

By WALTER A. FAIRSERVIS, JR., with BILL DAVIDSON

I

AS RECENTLY as 1945, there was a famous signpost in the middle of storied Khyber Pass, one of the two entrances from India into the mystery kingdom of Afghanistan. The sign read: "It is absolutely forbidden to cross this border into Afghan territory."

The British military road dropped away to nothing just at the sign, and a powerful Gurkha soldier was posted there at all times to halt by force anyone who was foolhardy enough not to believe what he read.

Beyond the sign lay a brooding, forbidden land, virtually unknown to Westerners, and filled with marauding bands of tribesmen who spelled sure death to foreign travelers. Units like the renowned Bengal Lancers had defended this border for more than 100 years against such tribesmen, near the region made famous to the English-speaking world by Kipling's tales.

Afghanistan was a hidden world, a place of mystery and excitement; from boyhood, it had held a tremendous fascination for me. Later, as a scientist, I felt the frustration all archaeologists had experienced in knowing that secrets of 6,000 years of man's development were buried in the deserts and mountains of this veritable crossroads of history.

At thirty, Walter A. Fairservis, Jr., is rated an exceptionally well-prepared and promising archaeologist by the American Museum of Natural History. Fairservis' yen for travel came from his late father, a foreign correspondent for the New York Times. From his mother, actress Edith Yeager, he inherited a love for the stage which accounts for his hobby: he is director of a repertory theater in Dobbs Ferry, New York

Alexander the Great had passed through Afghanistan, and the Greek coins of his armies still are used as legal tender in the bazaars, nearly 2,300 years later.

Genghis Khan swarmed through with his hordes of Mongolian horsemen, and the magnificent Mohammedan cities he conquered still stand as ghost towns, exactly as he left them when he massacred their inhabitants in the year 1220 A.D.

Nowhere else could there be more fascinating clues in the greatest mystery story of all—the comings and goings of man. Ancient statues of Buddha, found in Afghanistan, have classic Greek instead of Oriental faces, and they wear Roman-style togas. Excavated terra-cotta heads of the Afghans of 1,900 years ago reveal countenances as Irish-looking as Pat O'Brien's.

To confuse matters more, Afghans of the domi-

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nant section of the country, even today, call themselves "Ben-i-Israil," or "Children of Israel," and they trot out a long genealogy in which they claim descent from one Afghana, who is supposed to be the son of Jeremiah, the son of King Saul of the Jews (as their legend has it, Afghana's descendants were among the lost tribes of Israel carried off into captivity by King Nebuchadnezzar, of neighboring ancient Babylonia). Complicating things still further, modern Afghanistan is dotted with handsome, six-foot four-inch giants—with blond hair and blue eyes!

These were just a few of the conflicting and intriguing facts that dangled temptingly before the eyes of American scientists for years, as inaccessible Afghanistan continued to be an unbridged void between the historical riches of ancient Persia and India.

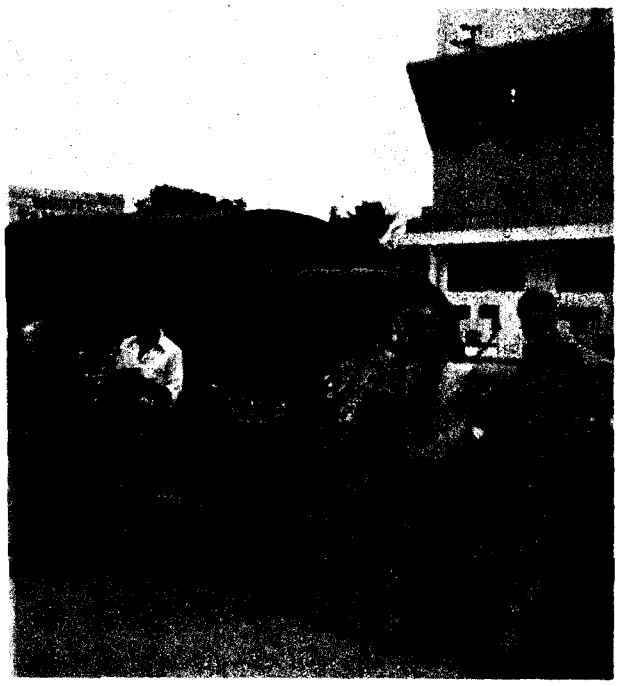
Then, suddenly, came a ray of hope. In 1947, after the British withdrew from India, the gates of this storybook land opened slightly and a handful of Americans were allowed into the country. A Boise, Idaho, engineering firm, Morrison-Knudsen Company, Inc., received a contract to build a dam near Kandahar, and American teachers were added to the faculty of Habibya College in Kabul, the capital.

Soon after I heard of this, I requested permission to lead the first American archaeological expedition into the country on behalf of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. We never expected this permission to be granted, but it was worth trying. Then, after months of negotiations, the authorizations came through. So in 1949 and 1950, I spent a total of 16 months on two trips to Afghanistan and to bordering Baluchistan and Waziristan (India's old, war-torn, unsubdued, equally inaccessible North-West Frontier Province).

These visits provided the most exciting adventures of my life. My colleagues and I, avoiding the more inhabited sections already being tapped by French archaeologists, explored ghost areas where the foot of Westerners never before had trod. We wandered in ancient cities where nothing but vultures and jackals had lived for hundreds of years.

We pushed our way, with enormous difficulty, into the mouth of Jehannum, which means "Hell" in the native tongue—a 50-mile-long depression in the Dasht-i-Margo, the "Desert of Death," down which scorching, man-killing, 100-mile-an-hour winds funnel after blowing a thousand miles from Russia across the blistering deserts of Central Asia.

To the south of Jehannum, we discovered a fabulous Lost Valley, where an ancient agricultural people had lived peacefully in villages along a pleasant winding river as far back as 4000 B.C. They were wiped out when the searing winds dried up their river, and it is possible *(Continued on page 57)*



ROSE LILIEN

Before full-scale expedition left Karachi for Quetta, Baluchistan. Left to right, George Maranjian, H. W. Stoudt, Ann and Louis Dupree, John Zeigler, Geo. McLellan, Fairservis

FAIRSERVIS

On pre-expedition survey trip (see map, page 58) Fairservis and two companions ran into a furious windstorm in Desert of Death, found refuge in ruins of this centuries-old palace

ROSE LILIEN

George McLellan investigates ancient burial place near Quetta under the eye of Sadurdin Khan, a Pakistani scientific technician who joined archaeological expedition at Karachi

FAIRSERVIS

Pathan tribesman in Ghazni, Afghanistan. He is wearing goatskin coat; expedition members bought such coats (price: $1) at bazaar when weather got too chilly for usual garb

ROSE LILIEN

Scientist Rose Lilien (r.) and Jan Fairservis cool off in irrigation ditch on the route to Quetta. Mrs. Fairservis, an artist, sketched tribal life for American Museum in New York

GEORGE WOODRUFF

Regular attire for expedition consisted of suntan GI uniforms—plus many flannel shirts during the cold season. Left to right: George McLellan, Walter and Jan Fairservis

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More Stately MANSIONS

WE'VE known the McClellans, Grace and George, for about two years now. They were the first neighbors to call on us and welcome us to the village.

I expected that initial conversation to lag uncomfortably after the first pleasantries, but not at all. Grace, her eyes quick and bright as a sparrow's, found subject matter enough to keep her talking brilliantly for two hours.

"You know," she said excitedly, "your living room could be a perfect dream! Couldn't it, George? Can't you see it?"

"Yup," said her husband. "Nice, all right."

"Just tear out all this white-painted woodwork," Grace said, her eyes narrowing. "Panel it all in knotty pine wiped with linseed oil with a little umber added. Cover the couch in lipstick red—*red* red. Know what I mean?"

"Red?" said Anne, my wife.

"Red! Don't be afraid of color."

"I'll try not to be," Anne said.

"And just cover the whole wall there, those two ugly little windows and all, with bottle-green curtains. Can't you see it? It'd be almost exactly like that problem living room in the February *Better House and Garden*. You remember that, of course."

"I must have missed that," said Anne. The month was August.

"Or was it *Good Homelife*, George?" Grace said.

"Don't remember offhand," said George.

"Well, I can look it up in my files and put my hand right on it." Grace stood up suddenly, and, uninvited, started a grand tour through the rest of the house.

Amazed, we followed her as she went from room to room, consigning a piece of furniture to the Salvation Army, detecting a fraudulent antique, shrugging partitions out of existence, and pacing off a chartreuse, wall-to-wall carpet we would have to order before we did another thing. "Start with the carpet," she said firmly, "and build from there. *It'll pull your whole downstairs together if you* build from the carpet."

"Um," said Anne.

"I hope you saw Nineteen Basic Carpet Errors in the June *Home Beautiful*."

"Oh yes, yes indeed," Anne said.

"Good. Then I don't have to tell you how wrong you can go, *not* building from the carpet. George— Oh, he's still in the living room."

I caught a glimpse of George on the living-room couch, lost in his own thoughts. He straightened up and smiled brightly.

I followed Grace and tried to change the subject. "Let's see, you are on our north side. Who's to our south?"

Grace held up her hands. "Oh! You haven't met them—the Jenkinses. George," she called, "they want to know about the Jenkinses." From her voice, I gathered that our southerly neighbors were sort of lovable beachcombers.

"Now, Grace, they're nice enough people," George said.

"Oooh, George," Grace said, "you know how the Jenkinses are. Yes, they're nice, but . . ." She laughed and shook her head.

"But what?" I said. The possibilities raced through my mind. Nudists? Heroin addicts? Anarchists? Hamster raisers?

"In 1945 they moved in," Grace said, "and right off the bat they bought two beautiful Hitchcock chairs, and . . ." This time she sighed and shrugged.

"And what?" I demanded. And spilled India ink on them? And found a bundle of thousand-dollar bills rolled up in a hollow leg?

"And that's all," Grace said. "They just stopped right there."

"How's that?" said Anne.

"Don't you see? They started out beautifully with those two chairs; then they just petered out."

"Oh," said Anne slowly. "I see—a flash in the pan. So *that's* what's wrong with the Jenkinses. Aha!"

"Fie on the Jenkinses," I said.

Grace didn't hear me. She was patrolling between the living room and dining room, and I noticed that every time she entered or left the living room, she made a jog in her course, always at exactly the same place. Curious, I went over to the spot she avoided, and bounced up and down a couple of times to see if the floor was unsound at that point, or what.

In she came again, and she looked at me with surprise. "Oh!"

"Did I do something wrong?" I asked.

"I just didn't expect to find *you* there."

"Sorry."

"That's where the cobbler's bench goes, you know."

I stepped aside, and watched uncomfortably as she bent over the phantom cobbler's bench. I think it was then that she first alarmed me, made me feel a little less like laughing.

"With one or two little nail drawers open, and ivy growing out of them," she explained. "Cute?" She stepped around it, being careful not to bark her shins, and went up the stairs to the second floor. "Do you mind if I have a look around up here?" she asked gaily.

"Go right ahead," said Anne.

George had gotten up off the sofa. He stood looking up the stairs for a minute; then he held up his empty highball glass. "Mind if I have another?"

"Say, I'm sorry, George. We haven't been taking very good care of you. You bet. Help yourself. The bottle's there in the dining room."

He went straight to it, and poured himself a good inch and a half of whisky in the bottom of the tumbler.

"The tile in this bathroom is all wrong for your towels, of course," Grace said from upstairs.

Anne, who had padded after her like a housemaid, agreed bleakly. "Of course."

George lifted his glass, winked, and drained it. "Don't let her throw you," he said. "Just her way of talking. Got a damn' nice house here. *I* like it, and so does she."

"Thanks, George. That's nice of you."

ANNE and Grace came downstairs again, Anne looking quite bushed. "Oh, you men!" Grace said. "You just think we're silly, don't you?" She smiled companionably at Anne. "They just don't understand what interests women. What were you two talking about while we were having such a good time?"

"I was telling him he ought to wallpaper his trees and make chintz curtains for his keyholes," George said playfully.

"Mmmmm," said Grace. "Well, time to go home, dear."

She paused outside the front door. "Nice basic lines to this door," she said. "That gingerbread will come right off, if you get a chisel under it. And you can lighten it by rubbing on white paint, then rubbing it off again right way. It'll look more like *you*."

"You've been awfully helpful," said Anne.

"Well, it's a dandy house the way it is," George said.

"I swear," Grace said, "I'll never understand how so many artists are men. No man I ever met had a grain of artistic temperament in him."

"Bushwa," said George quietly. And then he surprised me. The glance he gave Grace was affectionate and possessive.

"It *is* a dull little dump, I guess," said Anne gloomily, after the McClellans had left.

"Oh, listen—it's a swell house."

"I guess. But it needs so much done to it. I didn't realize. Golly, their place must be something. They've been in it for five years, she said. You can imagine what she could do to a place in five years—everything right, right down to the last nailhead."

"It isn't much from the outside. Anyway, Anne, this isn't like you."

She shook her head, as though to wake herself up. "It isn't, is it? Never in my life have I had the slightest interest in keeping up with the neighbors. But there's something about that woman."

"To hell with her! Let's throw in our lot with the Jenkinses."

Anne started to laugh. Grace's spell was wearing off. "Are you mad? Be friends with those two-chair people, those quitters?"

"Well, we'd make our friendship contingent on their getting a new couch to go with the chairs."

"And not any couch, but the *right* couch."

"If they want to be friends of ours, they mustn't be afraid of color, and they'd better build from the carpet."

"That goes without saying," said Anne crisply.

BUT it was a long time before we found leisure for more than a nod at the Jenkinses. Grace McClellan spent most of her waking hours at our house. Almost every morning, as I was leaving for work, she would stagger in under the weight of a load of home magazines and insist that Anne pore over them with her in search of just the right solutions for our particular problem house.

"They must be awfully rich," Anne said at dinner one night.

"I don't think so," I said. "George has a little leather-goods store that you hardly ever see anybody in."

"Well, then every cent must go into the house."

"That I can believe. But what makes you think they're rich?"

"To hear that woman talk, you'd think money was nothing! Without batting an eyelash, she talks about ten-dollar-a-yard floor-to-ceiling draperies, says fixing up the kitchen shouldn't cost more than a lousy fifteen hundred dollars—without the fieldstone fireplace, of course."

"What's a kitchen without a fieldstone fireplace?"

"And a circular couch."

"Isn't there some way you can keep her away, Anne? She's wearing you out. Can't you just tell her you're too busy to see her?"

"I haven't the heart, she's so kind and friendly and lonely," said Anne helplessly. "Besides, there's no getting through to her. She doesn't hear what I say. Her head is just crammed full of blueprints, cloth, furniture, wallpaper and paint."

"Change the subject."

"Change the course of the Mississippi! Talk about politics, and she talks about remodeling the White House; talk about dogs, and she talks about doghouses." *(Continued on page 62)*

She went upstairs to the second floor. "Do you mind if I have a look around up here?" she asked gaily. "Go right ahead," said Anne

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDLEY RAINNIE

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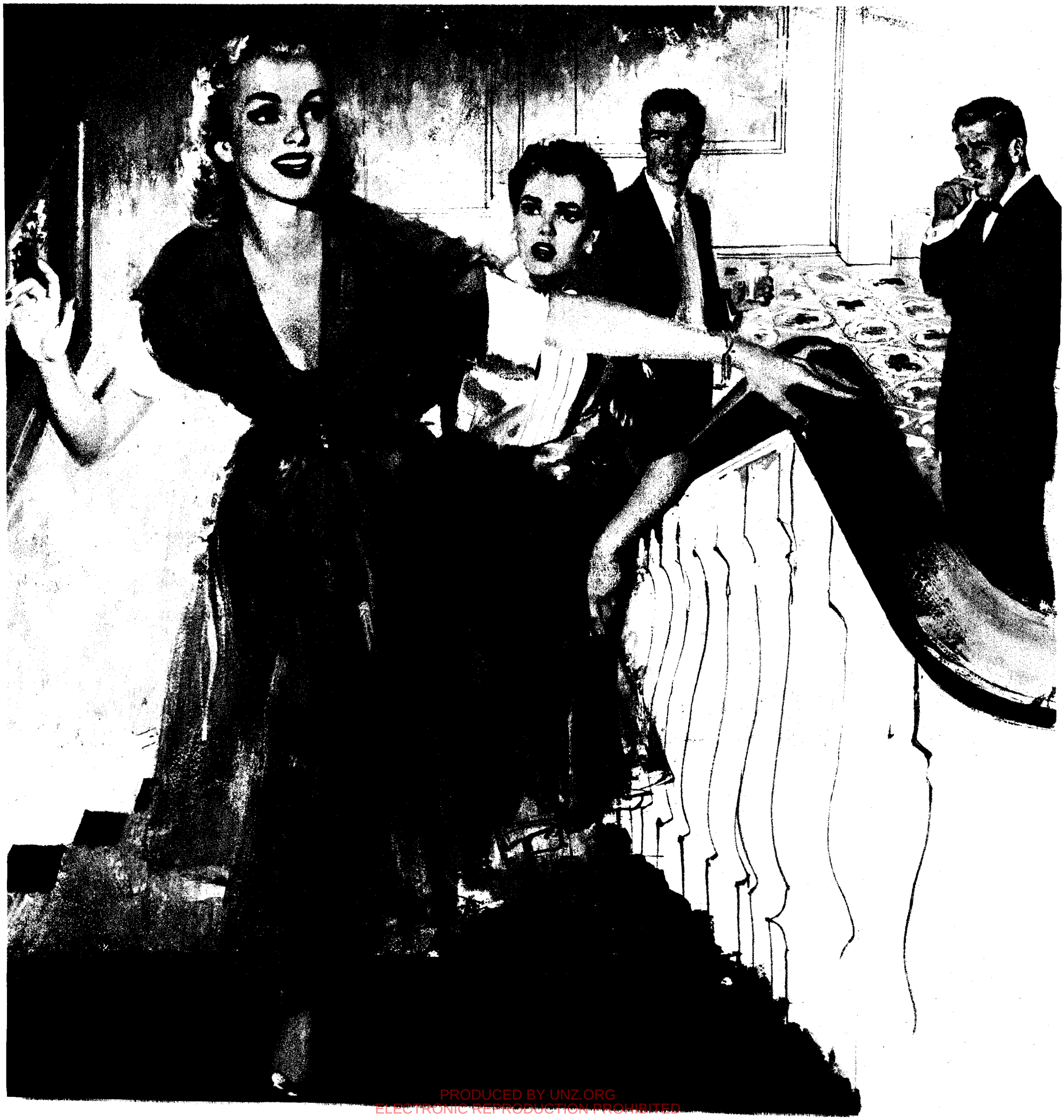
Now that we'd grown used to her fanatic interest in decorating, my wife and I were really fond of Grace McClellan. We were sure her own house must be lovely, and we wondered why she wouldn't ask us over to see it

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.



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"Owner Must Sacrifice"

Lying on her day bed, Emily crushed the advertisement in her hands, and felt herself drowning in loneliness

By MARY JANE WALDO

He was amazed at how fast they were going—the shared possessions, the furnishings of their love. All but one room would soon be empty—the room with the locked door

IT WAS a big car. The two occupants were disturbed. The man was around thirty and on the edge of arrogance, while the woman, two or three years younger and so beautifully cared for that she seemed naturally beautiful, wore an expression of apologetic humility. She studied a clipping she held in her hand.

"It says Primrose Lane, Kent, and this is Primrose *Street.*"

"I'll find it, Alice. Just relax."

Primrose Street came to an end, and they turned right on a rutted dirt road. They came to a little community of dwellings—you could scarcely have called them houses—built of unlikely combinations of linoleum, tar paper, packing boxes and scrap lumber. As the road grew narrower and the ruts deeper, Kent pulled the car to a stop and shouted to a man working in his front yard.

"We're looking for Primrose Lane. Can you help us?"

The man smiled. "Go back to the main road; there's a turnoff two-three miles down. Turn left, and you'll come to it soon enough." He returned to his work, and Kent turned the car around with some difficulty, coached by twenty-five or thirty children, who seemed to have sprung up out of the ground. Alice watched, fascinated, as a little girl of about four dragged her small brother out of the way and held him firmly between her thin knees.

"Where do you suppose they find that stuff their houses are made of?" Alice asked, when they were back on the main highway.

He shrugged. "Pick it up in junk yards, probably."

Alice was excited. "Did you see that trellis from an old brass bedstead? Did you see the little girl's doll made out of a man's stocking? It must be rather fun, to figure and plan and manage some way—"

"You wouldn't find it fun," her husband assured her.

All those children, thought Alice. *All those children. . . .*

At 1041 Primrose Lane, where the houses were built of customary materials, Bill Teague paced around his living room, mentally reviewing the prices he had decided upon. I should have written everything down, he told himself, and put tags on all the stuff; when they ask me, I won't have the faintest idea how much—

Looking out of the window, Bill saw that the first customers had come. *(Continued on page 36)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

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The Flood Lands Fight Back

By JOHN DENSON

Sweat and courage are gradually winning the war to repair havoc wrought when the Missouri and Kansas went on a billion-dollar rampage. But the U.S. needs a long-range control plan

THE rich, black land lies wounded in the windy cold; the miracle of harvest will come again only because rough-handed men with guts make it come. No action by Congress, no amount of money for relief, no blueprint by engineer or discovery by science, no man's good wishes or fervent hopes, none of these things, nor all of them, can finally heal the raw gash across tens of thousands of the most productive acres of the Great Plains states. Nothing but sturdy will and work, hard work that leaves muscles sore to touch, can, in the end, restore the land that the terrible flood of 1951 washed out.

The Missouri, the Kaw and the upstream rivers —the Republican, the Saline, the Smoky Hill, the Solomon, the Blue and the Little Blue—seem almost placid as winter comes. The violence, for the moment, has gone out of the Osage-Marais des Cygnes River. Hidden deep in the newspapers is the backwash of news about the billion-dollar flood that sent the untamed Missouri raging from its banks and turned the Kaw into a wild bully that wrecked the blooming bottom lands of Kansas and Missouri, the states which suffered most of the damage. Now the news is of schemes, proposals and plans, some of them on paper, some merely hopeful ideas. Over and over, everyone says that such a disaster should not be permitted to happen in the future.

"Not much more to say, is there?" a businessman-farmer in hard-hit Douglas County, Kansas, observed. "But there is plenty of work and plenty of thinking to do. The damage must be undone. It's going to be a long war out here to win back the land."

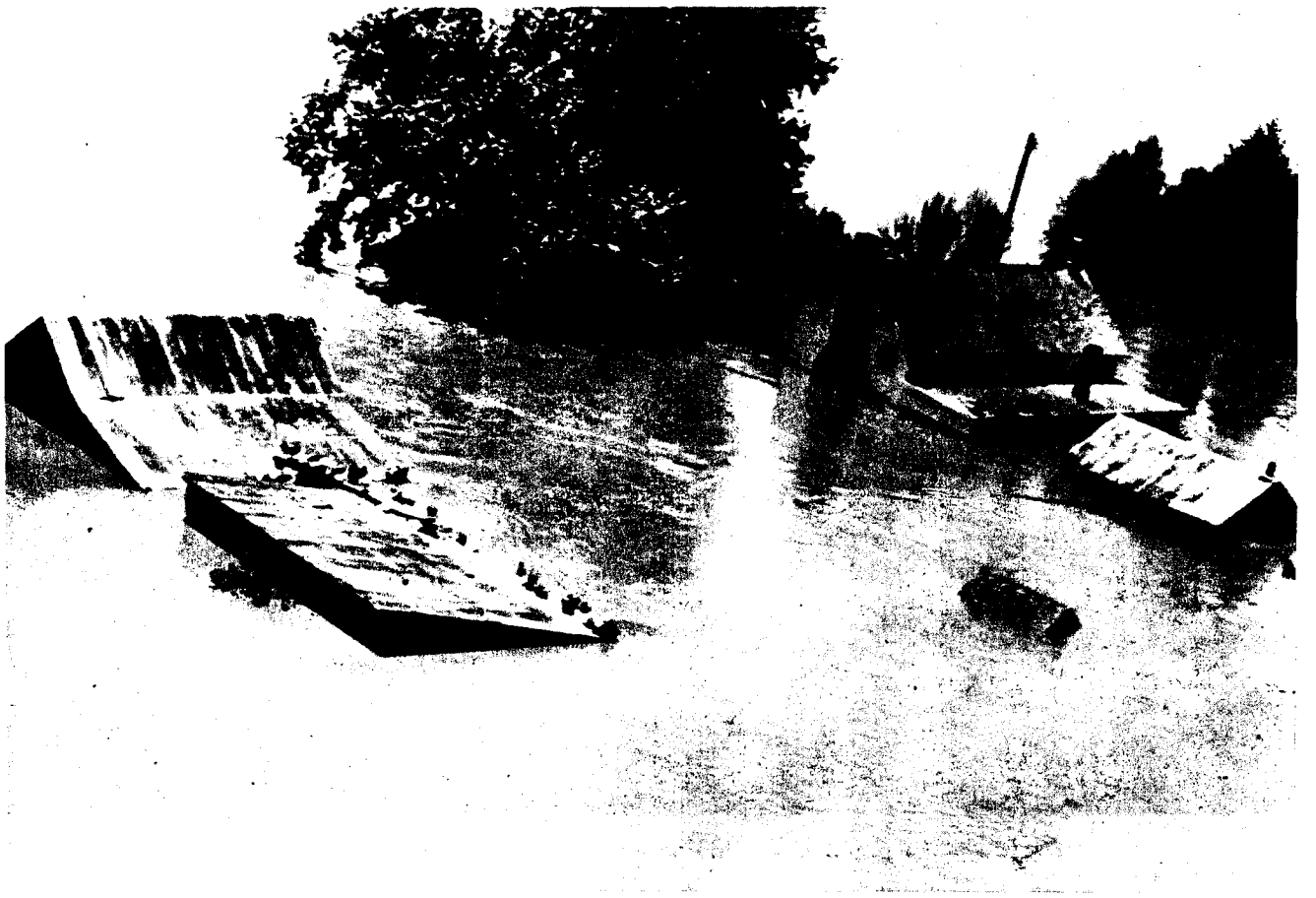
Wherever you look, you are sharply reminded of war.

The flood lands, almost five months after the savage waters rolled to a crest on "Black Friday," resemble a battlefield over which a desperate engagement has been fought. The wheat, corn and alfalfa land, sweeping toward the horizon, is pocked by gullies cut by the swift current, and these are like trenches. The barns and houses are crushed, as though by some tremendous concussion. (Many of the farm homes are deserted and the farmers come daily from their temporary shelter to do what can be done before spring.)

Railroad cars, torn from their tracks and dumped a hundred yards away, rust against clumps of dead trees in the fields. Silos, some of them nearly full and ready for feeding when the flood struck, lean at crazy angles. The fodder is rotting. Tractors, plows, combines, all kinds of farm machinery appear to have been shattered by TNT. Windmills still turn on a few farms although there is no stock to water.

The casualties of battle are missing, to be true, but the chill wastes in the Midwestern flood lands could mean a costly defeat in a world emergency where food is a decisive weapon. The region periodically affected by flood and heavy rains—Kansas, Missouri and neighboring states—produces 25 to 30 per cent of all U.S. food. That is bread and meat for one in every four of us and, more important, it is food that fills the mess kits of our soldiers and Allies who hold the line against the enemy abroad—Communism.

"We can replace the houses and barns and tractors, though it won't be easy," the businessman-farmer said. "Most of us can survive the loss of a crop, even two. What hurts so much is the land—our land out here. Feel the soil and see. Feel the heavy sand and the thick silt. A man can't grow anything on farms covered *(Continued on page 69)*



WIDE WORLD

Chickens seeking safety atop a building as the Missouri River swept through some of the richest U.S. farm lands last August. Poultry and livestock were drowned, machinery ruined

Farm of John Vogel (inset) near Lawrence, Kan., was called the best-run in area. It was smashed by floods, but Vogel, who can afford to move elsewhere, fights to bring it back

O'BRYON

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BENYAS-KAUFMAN

The Nativity is the most popular of Christmas window displays. This one at J. L. Hudson Co., in Detroit, took about three months to prepare

GABRIEL BENZUR

Rich's, Atlanta, makes huge show of Christmas trees and customs around the world

EDWARD OZERN

Lord & Taylor, New York, elegant and whimsical, has Santa Claus garbed in red gumdrops, deer fur of brown sugar

ARTHUR GRIFFIN

Filene's, Boston, employs live Santa in its windows. Through amplifiers, he chats with awed youngsters outside

ULRIC MEISEL

Sanger Bros., Dallas, shows Nativity theme every year. Here Magi go to the stable

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HARRIS & EWING

Windows for children, like this at Woodward & Lothrop's in Washington, D.C., generally combine Christmas with storybook themes

***Collier's* COLOR CAMERA**

Santa's Showcases

ALL through the ages since the earliest Christmas celebration, wonder and joy have wound through the days of December, twining legend, custom and inspiration into the most joyful holiday the world has ever known. Each people and each nation has added its particular personality to the season.

In some countries Christmas festivities start weeks before the holy day itself. On December 6th in Holland, for instance, Santa Claus rides through the streets in bishop's robes. In Sweden on Lucia Day—December 13th—the prettiest daughter in each family awakens the others at four in the morning to bid them begin preparations for Christmas. The Christmas tree itself comes from Germany where, in 1525, Martin Luther, inspired by the sight of the stars among the pine trees, is said to have originated the custom.

These are the ancient customs of ancient nations. The United States has accepted, absorbed or adapted most of them, but the U.S. has also added colorful customs of its own. Among the most recent and successful of American additions to the Yuletide scene is the decorated store window, which ranges from simple tinseled garlands in local shops to fabulously conceived and elaborately staged scenic displays in the nation's great department stores. Frowned upon at first as being a gross commercialization of the holiday spirit, department-store windows have, in the past decade, achieved the dignity of accepted tradition and are as delightedly anticipated as the ride of Saint Nicholas through the streets of Holland, or the search for hidden almonds in the Christmas rice bowls of Denmark. Today millions of people visit the nation's stores to see the windows gleaming at Christmas—with elves and reindeer and visions of fairyland, with Santa Claus and magnificent representations of the Nativity itself.

Here, to capture the essence of the great variety, spirit and splendor of America's Christmas windows, Collier's presents seven of the most outstanding in the nation. They are, like the pipes and bells of Italy, one people's way of saying that Christmas is the roundest, rosiest, merriest holiday of all the year.

SEY CHASSLER

JOHN FLOREA

Animated Santa Claus sits in window of The White House store in San Francisco, picking children's letters to him off a moving belt

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Helicopters Cop the COLLIER

The nation's top aviation award goes this year to the industry, the Coast Guard and the military services for developing and using the craft in air rescue work. In Korea alone, over 10,000 UN wounded have been evacuated with "whirlybirds"

By WILLARD B. CROSBY and TODD WRIGHT

Since 1911 it has rewarded progress

This year's Collier Trophy Committee was headed by Frederick C. Crawford, president of Thompson Products, Inc. The committee named by Donald D. Webster, president of the National Aeronautic Association, included: Dr. John F. Victory (vice-chairman), Executive Secretary, National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics; John M. Redding, Assistant Postmaster General; Vice-Admiral John Cassady, USN, Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (Air); Malcolm P. Ferguson, president, Bendix Aviation Corporation; Frederick Lee, Deputy Administrator, Civil Aeronautics Administration; S. Paul Johnston, director of the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences; Brigadier General M. W. Arnold, vice-president, Air Transport Association of America; Glenn L. Martin, chairman of the board, The Glenn L. Martin Co.; Honorable William P. MacCracken, Jr., general counsel, National Aeronautic Association; E. B. Newill, general manager, Allison Division, General Motors; Admiral DeWitt C. Ramsey, president, Aircraft Industries Association; C. J. Reese, president, Continental Motors; Ansel L. Talbert, past president, Aviation Writers Association; General Nathan F. Twining, Vice-Chief of Staff, USAF

THE battalion was trapped, completely surrounded by Communists in the Korean hills near Choksong. Its commander had radioed for help, and reinforcements were on the way—but there were 23 men badly wounded, in need of immediate hospital care. Their situation was desperate, and it might be hours before a hole could be ripped through the Red lines and the way cleared for ambulances.

In any other war, most of those injured men probably would have died. But not in Korea.

Suddenly, out of the south appeared four small helicopters, elusive targets in their low, darting flight along the sides of the ridges. Braving intense ground fire, they landed beside the stretchers of the wounded and swiftly unloaded ammunition and food for the beleaguered troops. Then, in a matter of minutes, the most critical hospital cases were aboard and the 'copters sprang skyward, mounting rapidly beyond the reach of small-arms fire, before heading for a hospital 25 miles away.

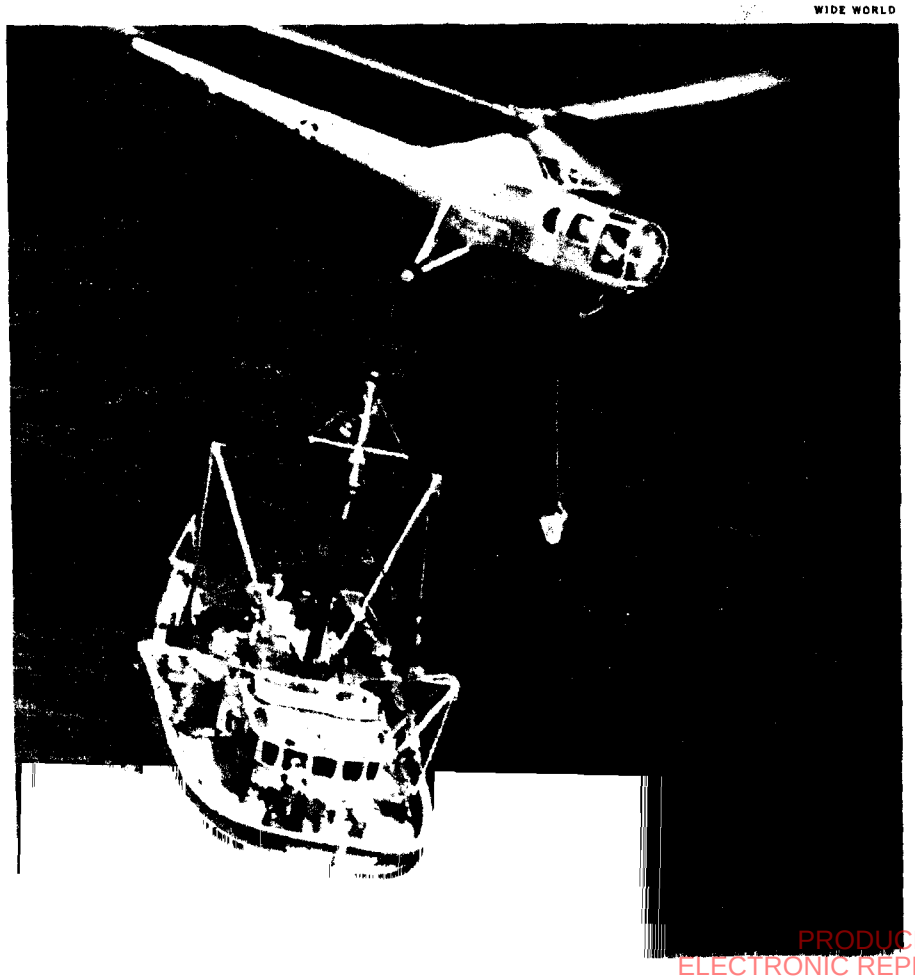
In two and a half busy hours, all 23 of the wounded soldiers had been air-lifted out of the trap—and 10,000 rounds of ammunition had been carried in, enough to keep the pocketed battalion in action until reinforcements could drive back the Reds.

That rescue, which could have been accomplished by no other means, is only one of thousands, in all parts of the world, for which the helicopter will be signally honored this month. America's highest aeronautical award, the Collier Trophy, will be presented to the men who make this wonderful machine, and to those who have used it to save so many lives. The citation reads:

"To the helicopter industry, the military services, and the Coast Guard for development and use of rotary-wing aircraft for air rescue operations."

Coast Guard: **Ailing seaman Barney Staneete being taken off his ship in the Atlantic. His next stop: a hospital**

WIDE WORLD



Army: **Wounded at the Korean front, these UN troops were evacuated by a Bell H-13D helicopter. Hospitals are only a few flying minutes away**

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TROPHY

This is the sixteenth time in the trophy's 40-year history that it has gone to a group, rather than an individual. Established in 1911 by Robert J. Collier—former editor and publisher of Collier's and son of the magazine's founder—it is awarded annually by the National Aeronautic Association, the organization which supervises aviation competitions and certifies records. The trophy winner must, in the NAA's view, have performed "the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use in the preceding year."

In this era of supersonic flying it took a remarkable record indeed for so slow-moving a craft as the helicopter to meet that high standard. However, with its unique ability to fly straight up or down, to move sideways, back up or hover motionless in the air, it demonstrated its worth many times over in Coast Guard rescue operations—and then proved itself truly invaluable in Korea, where more than 10,000 UN wounded have been evacuated from battlefields by the precious few machines (their exact number is a military secret) in service there.

General Matthew B. Ridgway, Supreme Commander Allied Powers, Far East, put it this way, in a cable commenting on the trophy award:

"It is difficult to estimate the number of United Nations servicemen who owe their lives today to the gallant work of helicopter crews, and to the dependability of these machines in our operations in Korea.

"With gallantry unsurpassed in any war, our helicopter pilots —Army, Navy, Air Force and Marines—on innumerable occasions have gone deep into enemy territory, more often than not under close and observed hostile fire, to rescue our downed aviators and soldiers, cut off by enemy advances or too seriously wounded to escape without help.

"Literally hundreds of gravely wounded who have been lifted from rugged terrain and in an hour or two transported to a field hospital owe their lives to these pilots and the machines which American science and industry provided.

"Thus the engineering skill of our designers and the bravery of our pilots have fully earned a place of honor in the ceaseless effort to save human lives."

German 'Copter Makes First Flight

Although it is a very recent invention, the helicopter dates back to an ancient idea that was blocked for centuries for lack of an efficient power plant. Inventors of the nineteenth century, using steam for power, came close, but it was not until the late 1930s that they had any real degree of success. Finally, in 1937, a German company, Focke-Angelis, built a machine that flew from Bremen to Berlin; this date may be said to mark the birth of the first practical helicopter.

The 'copter's career in this country centers around aircraft designer Igor Sikorsky, who had been devoted to the rotary-wing idea since 1908 when, in his native Russia, he built a helicopter that never left the ground. After coming to the United States in 1919, he became a leading manufacturer of fixed-wing planes, but he never gave up his early dream of a helicopter that would fly. In 1939, 11 years after becoming a citizen, he finally came out with the VS-300, whose design overcame one of the knottiest problems—the twisting effect of the rotor drive, which tended to revolve the whole craft.

Sikorsky's helicopter had a tail propeller that revolved in the opposite direction from the main rotor, thus keeping the machine steady in flight. Other ways have been found for solving this problem, but the control of flight is generally the same: by varying the pitch, or angle, of the propeller blades, the pilot moves his craft up or down, or horizontally.

Today, utilizing these principles, a number of companies are producing helicopters in this country. With government orders pouring in, the industry is humming to fill the need, not only for many more but for bigger 'copters. Some 3,000 are being built over a two-year period for the combined services, whereas only 105 were bought in the fiscal year of 1950. The industry is now using three times the floor space it needed for production a year ago, and it has a backlog of more than $400,000,000 in orders. Light helicopters, manufactured by Bell Aircraft Corporation, of Buffalo, and the Sikorsky Aircraft Division of United Aircraft Corporation, Bridgeport, Connecticut, are the ones most commonly used for Korean rescue duty. Each is equipped with two "pods," or litter platforms, at the sides, to carry stretcher-borne wounded.

Larger craft—such as the 10-passenger Sikorsky, which made its first appearance on the Korean scene only last spring, or the 20-passenger 'copters now being produced *(Continued on page 51)*

U.S. AIR FORCE PHOTO

Air Rescue: **The arrival of a 3d Air Rescue Squadron 'copter can mean a saved life. Here stretcher-bearing medics and Koreans await landing**

U.S. NAVY PHOTO

Navy: **Hanging by his legs, Lt. Jim McGarvey, of Chicago, is returned to the USS Oriskany. He had injured an arm when his plane crashed at sea**

Marines: **In rugged terrain, a wounded Marine is taken to a waiting HRS-1 Sikorsky helicopter. 'Copters also have been used as troop carriers**

U.S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

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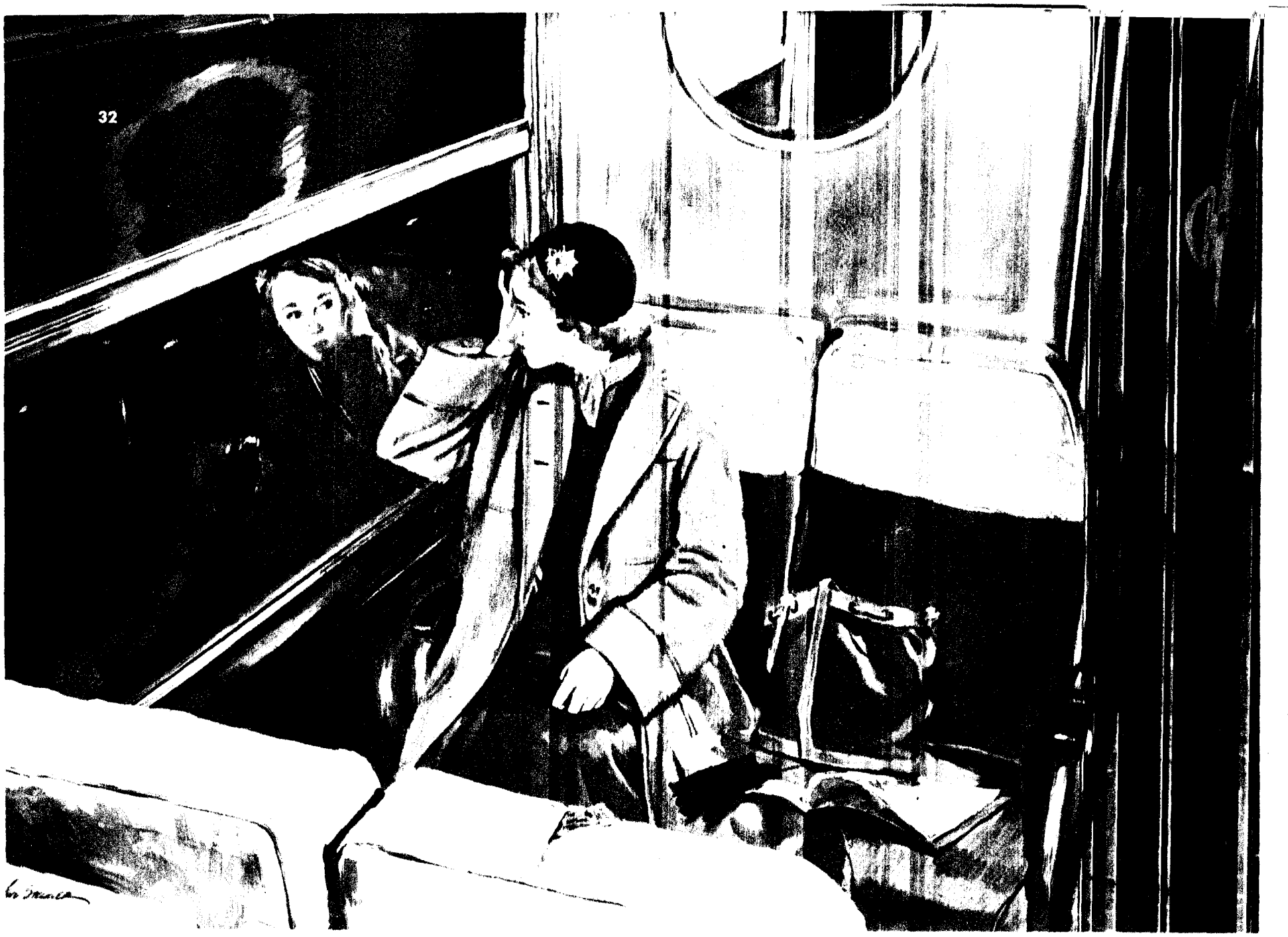

She felt as if time itself were slowing down just to give her more chance to think of a good plausible story

That Long First Look

Now she was sure the miracle wouldn't happen. And if it didn't, how could she live through this visit?

By MITCHELL WILSON

THE train sped past Harlem rooftops and lighted tenement windows. As it plunged into the tunnel leading to Grand Central Station, Barby's heart lurched from misery to panic because she still hadn't invented her excuse for escape.

Back in September, when Ruth had asked her to spend part of Christmas vacation, Ruth had made New York sound as if there were parties and dances every night. Barby's imagination saw a crowd of tall, slender boys, dark and knowing, just in from college—the kind that surrounded Ruth all summer. As late as Thanksgiving, Barby was still counting the days until Christmas, because in the back of her mind had been the dreamlike confidence that before she left Boston to stay with Ruth, she would wake up one morning to find that magically her face had taken on radiance and her figure had become slender and supple, and all her young awkwardness would be gone. But, finally, here was Christmas, and the miracle hadn't happened yet.

The tunnel lights blinked past her window with decreasing rapidity, as if time itself were slowing down just to give her more chance to think of a good plausible story. Ruth would not be too hard to fool, and she couldn't possibly be told the truth. A pretty, flirtatious girl would never understand how Barby could be *used* to sitting out dances, be *used* to the pretense of unconcern as boys rushed past her to the more attractive girls.

From ten summers Barby knew that Ruth's mother would not be too hard to get around, so long as the story involved family. And Ruth's older brother Jeff didn't even count. Jeff would be home for the holidays too, but then Jeff was always off to some date, or museum or foreign movie; he wouldn't even *hear* the story. The main trouble would be the Judge, who seemed instinctively unable to swallow a lie. He chewed on loose ends in a worried way until the whole fabrication came apart. For the past two summers, Ruth and Barby had given up lying to the Judge about anything. He had made it just too much trouble. But Barby couldn't face another failure. She simply had to go back home.

Suddenly she saw how it might be arranged. She'd swirl into the apartment, kiss them all, put down her coat and bags, saying, "Hello, everybody. I've got terrible news—"

"Let the news wait," the Judge would say. He was used to "terrible" things happening to girls, and he was genuinely fond of Barby. "Let's see you in city clothes. Well, well, Barby, you're really getting there. Another year will do it."

These were actually the unkindest words he could have said, if only he knew. To the Framptons, as well as to her own parents, Barby's "getting there" meant getting back to what she had been at eleven, for Barby had been a beautiful child. Then she had grown long, lumpy and awkward when all the other *(Continued on page 44)*

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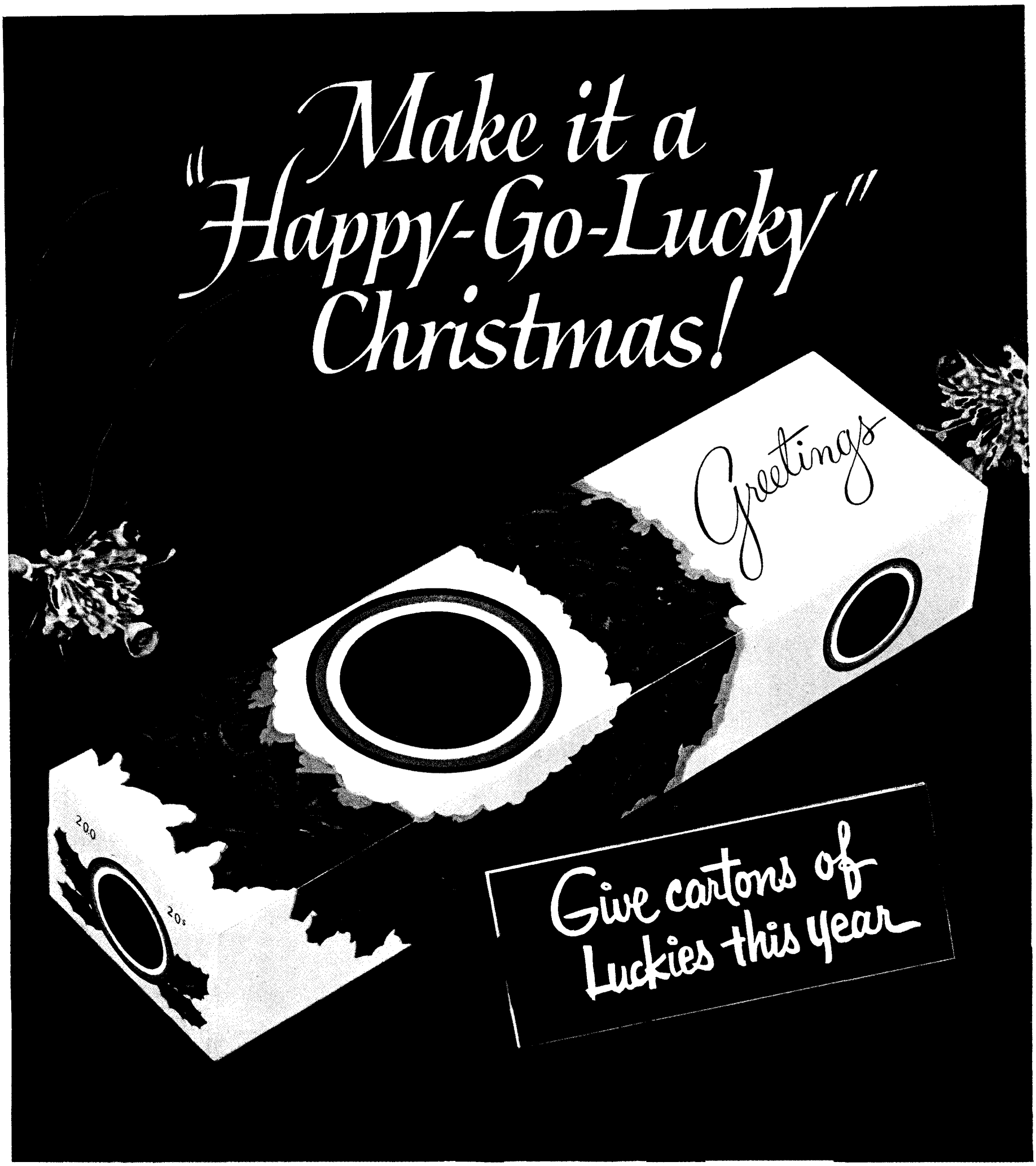

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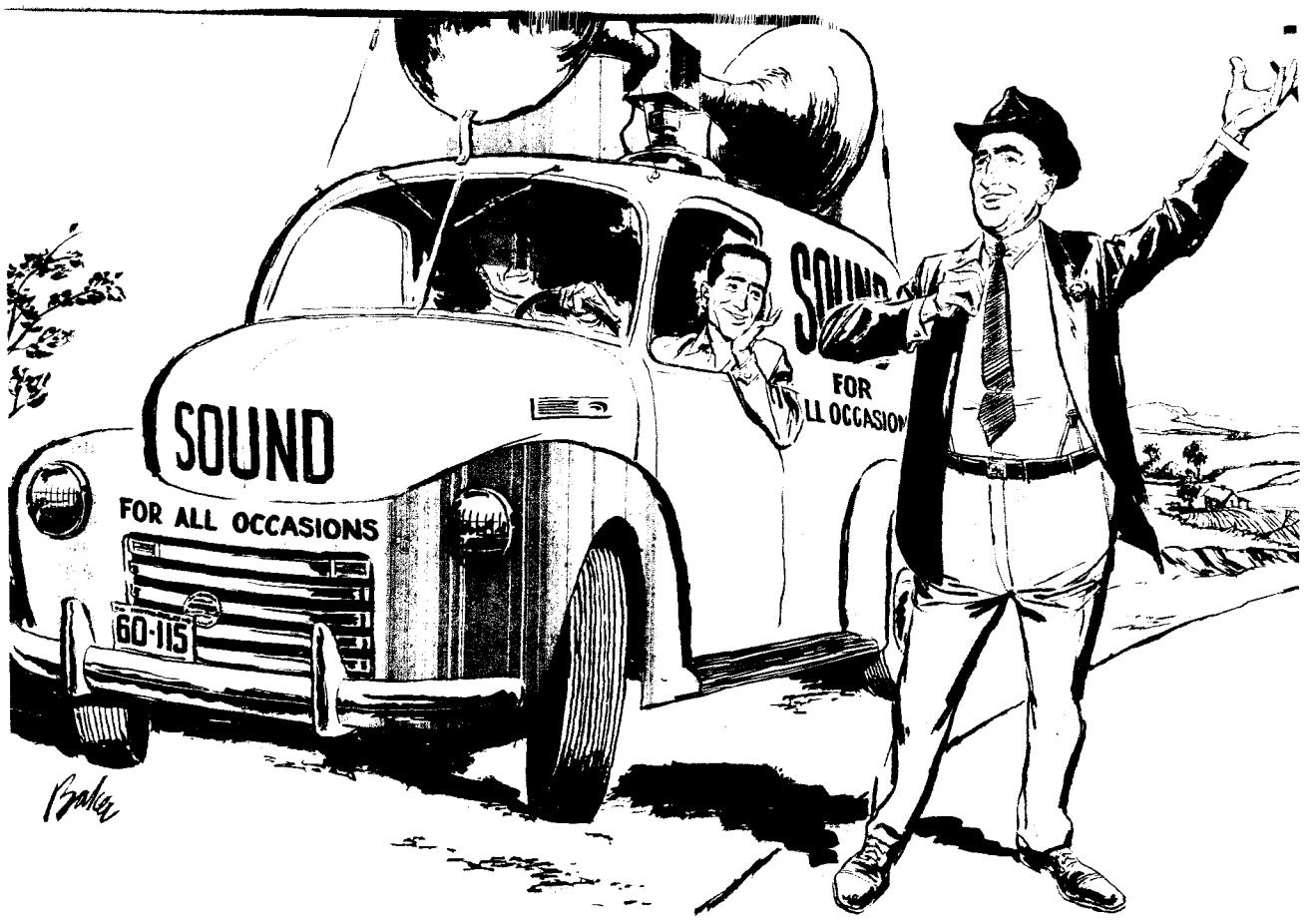
STAR WITNESS

By CHARLES CARVER

Collier's SHORT SHORT



By then we had reached the mayor's riverside house, and Honest Jim got out and surveyed the scene like a lord of the manor. "Not bad," he crowed, "for a man on six thousand a year"

A FEW minutes ago, Stan rested a loving hand on Marie's solid little body. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'd like to paint her green and drill about seventeen holes in her left panel, holes big enough for Ping-pong balls. That okay with you, Al?"

I glanced at the sound truck—our bread and butter—but didn't hesitate a second. "Okay with me," I said. "Do anything you want. But—uh—what's the deal?"

Stan looked uncomfortable. "Just an idea," he said. "Sort of an experiment." He ambled back to the workbench, picked up a gadget that looked like an egg beater wired to a pair of dry cells, and disappeared into the truck with it. I stood there in the sun at the garage doors and listened happily to the click of tools and an occasional grunt from my puttering partner. . . .

The year before, when Stan's radio shop and my delivery service both began gasping for air, we pooled our equipment and rigged Marie as a sound truck. Stan set up an amplifier and turntable, and rigged twin speakers on her hard top.

All waxed and gleaming, Marie made her debut at the Clear Spring Rodeo, alternating announcements of riders with commercials and hillbilly music. After that, there was no holding her. If Selrick's Dry Goods was having a big sale, Marie gave the word to the housewives. If Lou Richards thought more customers ought to see a certain double-feature at his drive-in theater, Marie's dulcet tones drew them there. And when it came to political campaigns—well, when it came to political campaigns, maybe Marie should have stood in her garage, because that's how her trouble began.

Honest Jim Fairfax, backed by the Clear Spring Bugle, ran for mayor against Sam Devon, who was backed by a welter of citizens with more honest eagerness than political experience. Being a lady of ethics, Marie added her voice to Devon's campaign.

But the press and Honest Jim's machine won out when the votes were counted, and it didn't take the new mayor long to reward his friends and knife his enemies. Among them, alas, was Marie.

The day we got knifed, I was in the garage, and Stan was wrestling with a top-secret gadget inside the truck. It was a box about two feet square, like a small suitcase, and he'd brought it over from his closed radio shop.

"What you got, boy?" I asked.

"Just an idea," he muttered. "Show you when I get it rigged up." He curled up around the turntable and amplifier inside Marie. "Might double our business if it works." He had the average electronic technician's contempt for a greenhorn, and I had the average man's respect for a guy who could look at a radio and say, "Not enough gastric resonance in the primary feeder circuit. Needs a shunt across the oscillator."

I was standing there, wondering how he was going to double our business, when Nat Reeder, one of Honest Jim's men of all work, walked up to me. "Mayor wants to see you," he said, and by the way he smacked his lips I guessed it was bad news for Stan and me.

Fifteen minutes later, in the mayor's office, the ax fell. Honest Jim chomped down on his cigar and leaned back in his chair. "You fellows are breaking my heart," he said with relish, "but I hereby rule that your outfit is a public nuisance. Since I was elected—no thanks to you—to serve the good citizens of Clear Spring, I hereby state and affirm that your license is withdrawn, as of now."

There was nothing more to say. Honest Jim had the whip hand. But after we had taken a few steps toward the door, Stan suddenly turned back. "Could we see you alone for a minute?" he asked.

Honest Jim looked startled; then his eyes narrowed. He jerked his head at Nat Reeder, who left the office and closed the door.

"I was wondering, Mr. Mayor, sir," Stan said in a low voice, "whether a small but regular contribution would help any." Honest Jim did not answer. He simply rubbed his fat palms together meditatively. "You see," Stan continued, "we do a pretty good business now, and I expect to double it next year. A tenth of our gross, say, as—uh—a contribution to the building fund, would be considerable."

I was astonished at Stan's mentioning the building fund. It referred to a big house Honest Jim was building out by the river for himself, with money out of the public pocket. I was astonished in other ways, too, but I figured Stan had good reasons for talking the way he was.

"What's this doubled-business-next-year deal?" the mayor asked cautiously.

"If you have time," Stan said, "we'll show you. We have the truck right outside."

Honest Jim heaved himself out of his chair. "Can't hurt to see," he said genially. "You lads deserve a chance to get ahead. Maybe we can work something out."

Stan led him out to Marie. "You drive," he said to me; "and you, sir, sit beside Al. I'll squat back here and operate the turntable."

I started the engine. "Cruise around," Stan said. "Maybe out to the mayor's new house. It doesn't matter."

While we cruised slowly through town, Stan played a couple of marches, then a hillbilly record. He had the volume up full, and if he wanted people to see Honest Jim with us, he succeeded.

Conversation was impossible in all that racket, but when we hit the outskirts of Clear Spring, Stan turned it off and got down to business, leaning forward between the mayor and me. And when I say business, I mean business. Honest Jim wanted fifty per cent of our profits; then Stan worked him down to thirty-five. Stan mentioned the other "contributors" who were helping the mayor with his house, and Honest Jim pointed out that they had been *for* him during the campaign and we hadn't. "It's a matter of simple justice," he said. "It's dog eat dog."

BY THEN we had reached the mayor's riverside house, and Honest Jim got out and surveyed the scene like a lord of the manor. "Not bad," he crowed, "for a man on six thousand a year."

"Plus contributions," Stan reminded him, and the mayor guffawed.

"Honest Jim, what do you really think of the people of this town?" Stan asked.

"I love 'em all," the mayor said. "Every last happy sucker among them."

"Thank you, sir. Is there anything else you'd like to tell them?"

Honest Jim and I jumped at the same time. He began spluttering. "What do you mean?" His face was not pleasant any more.

"Oh, it's just an idea I had," Stan explained. "That doubling-the-business deal I mentioned. I thought we could put a tape recorder in the truck and get sidewalk interviews and things, just like the radio stations do. You know, then run them off when we want, at public gatherings and so on."

Honest Jim looked at him suspiciously. "Would it work?"

"We'll see," Stan said calmly. He pushed a button somewhere and the twin horns on Marie started to blare. *Fifty per cent,* the mayor's voice boomed out. *I won't take a penny less. What's the use of being mayor of this town unless—*

Things happened. Honest Jim lunged for the door. I stepped on the gas. Stan leaned out and kept yelling, "Thank you, sir, thank you, sir," and laughing like an idiot.

On the way back to town, he turned the volume up—they told us later the interview could be heard for a mile and a half. . . .

So here I'm standing in the sun, at the garage doors. Marie's all licensed and shining. Our new mayor signed the permit himself.

Stan's still banging away in there. Ping-pong balls? Seventeen holes in the left panel? Brother, I'm just as curious as you are. THE END

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Clap hands!
Here comes zip 'n' zest

You give a plain food a great big hand when you lend it this rich, exciting catsup.

For DEL MONTE Catsup is the only catsup made with Pineapple Vinegar —the pure, sparkling vinegar that coaxes the very best out of vine-ripe tomatoes and fragrant spices.

See if you don't approve its price, too!

It's the only catsup made with

Pineapple Vinegar

—the superlative vinegar that brings out the extra goodness in catsup flavor!

Get to know the whole family of DEL MONTE Tomato Products.

Del Monte Catsup
BRAND

—the brand that puts flavor first

"Owner Must Sacrifice"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

They'll want the Sheraton table, he thought, knowing from the looks of them that they wouldn't want maple chairs, California pottery or handmade rugs.

He let them in.

Yes, it was certainly authentic, he told them. Had belonged to his wife's grandmother. If they'd come this way . . . It was mahogany with inlay decorating the drawer.

They had always kept the table in the bedroom. "We'll bring it out when we can equal it," Emily had said. "Do you want to make our maple feel bad?" It was strange she hadn't wanted to keep the table for herself; but then, many things were strange.

The customers examined the table in a practiced way. "We'll take it," the man said presently, without asking the price. "You haven't anything else, by chance? Of this caliber?"

Bill shook his head. "Just what you've seen," he said.

The door to the baby's room was open; while the man wrote a check, the woman wandered into this room and walked about laying a gentle hand here and there, on the crib, on the wardrobe with the rabbit decalcomanias, on the bathinette. The man picked up the table and started out with it, and Bill went into the baby's room.

"These things are not for sale," he said curtly.

"I've no use for them in any case," the woman said. "But where is the baby? Did he outgrow them?"

"No," said Bill. "The baby died."

"I'm sorry," the young woman said. "To have one, and to lose him must be even worse than—than not to have any."

She went and joined her husband, and the superb automobile took them away.

BABE said anxiously, "Maybe we shouldn'ta put the trailer on. Maybe they sold everything already."

"Ah, quit worrying. It's early, ain't it?"

She smiled delightedly because everything was so swell. Her new home permanent was just right. She was over the morning sickness but she didn't stick out yet. And here they were on their way to buy furniture, beautiful furniture for the apartment! "Turn the radio down, hon," she coaxed. "I can't concentrate."

"You've read that newspaper ad twenty-five times already," he told her lovingly. "Are you trying to memorize it or something?"

Babe read aloud, finding the words delicious. "'Maple sofa and chair. Maple bedroom suite, lamps, end tables, set of spode nearly complete.' What's spode?"

"It must be dishes, I think," Willard said. "We don't need dishes; Mom gave us all those."

"'Moving, must sacrifice—'" Babe crooned. "'Owner, reasonable.'"

Bill Teague saw that it was an old car this time, a beat-up jalopy with a trailer on the back. The faces of the girl and the boy kept breaking into expressions of joy though they tried hard to look like seasoned purchasers. The girl stroked the plaid upholstery of the maple chairs.

"Two chairs, Willard," Babe murmured prayerfully. "And those cute little lamps. Look at them. Oh, why do you have to sell them, Mister?"

Bill cleared his throat. "Moving. My wife's already gone. Already there."

When he and Willard had loaded the trailer, they found Babe in the child's room. "Come and see, Willard," she said. "Look at the darling things. I don't suppose— We'll have to get them *sometime*."

Bill Teague was sorry he couldn't sell the baby furniture to Babe and Willard.

"If it's the money, Mister," Willard said, "I got steady work, we could pay part down and the rest so much a week."

"It's not the money," Bill said gently. "I still need these things."

Bill Teague watched from the window as they drove away with the bed in which he had slept with his wife, the chairs which had oftener than not held them both at one time. The furniture will have a good home, he thought.

THE telephone rang in the hall at Miss Semple's boardinghouse. Doors flew open and each boarder waited expectantly to hear who it was for. Only Emily Teague did not listen, not consciously, at least. She was not expecting any calls. She was not expecting anything. She was rereading an ad in the furniture-for-sale column; an entire household of furniture was offered for sale. *Almost* an entire household. It was an oddly wistful bit of advertising, she thought; it did not occur to her that there was something equally wistful about a pretty girl who had nothing better to do on Sunday than read the want ads.

In a purely objective way, of course, she wondered what kind of people would have a maple living-room set and a Sheraton table? Rag rugs and spode? Foolish people they must have been, for now they were losing their possessions, just as everything loved was inevitably lost. It was better to love nothing and lose nothing.

I do not want a set of maple, Emily Teague said to herself; I do not want a single possession of my own. It was possibly too fierce a declaration.

The telephone rang again, and once more the foolish girls waiting for life to snatch them up listened at their doors; Emily could feel their eagerness, feel as a far-off echo the hope that buoyed them. It was a false hope, she knew, because she had once believed too that somewhere in the world there was a man who would know and love her for herself; their thoughts would be the same thoughts, their

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dream an identical dream. It had almost come true.

"You're out of proportion," Bill Teague had told her on one of the last days. "Other people have lost their children, and it was awful for them too, but they went on from there. You want to make grief into a—a way of living. It's not enough."

"You don't care," she had whispered.

"I care about *you,*" he had said. "I care about me, too. I'm alive."

Lying on her day bed at Miss Semple's, Emily crushed the advertisement in her hand, and felt herself drowning in loneliness and grievous want. And for the first time in months the loneliness, the want, had nothing to do with the baby and his brief existence; it was for Bill Teague, who had apparently been unable to advertise the baby furniture for sale. . . .

"What's the matter with you?" Lucille said.

Maudie blinked. "I wanted to sit by the window," she said. "It seems like I never get to sit by the window in busses."

"Don't be a child," Lucille said. "I hope you haven't lost the clipping."

"I have it right here," Maudie assured her with a confidence she did not entirely feel. She pawed through the contents of her bag and flushed with triumph as she found the right clipping.

" 'Ten-forty-one Primrose Lane,' " she read proudly. " 'Set of spode nearly complete,' then at the end it says, 'owner, reasonable.' But what do we want with spode, Lucille, when we have all our nice hand-painted china?"

"I'll go ask the conductor where we transfer," Lucille said, edging past, bumping Maudie's plump knees. She did not intend to tell her sister why they had to have a set of spode. It was merely that in a month or so it would be their turn to entertain the guild, and Lucille had casually mentioned spode to certain of the guild ladies some time ago, and the guild ladies would be expecting to see it.

When she came back to her seat, Lucille saw that Maudie had moved over next to the window. It would never do to make a public scene, so as punishment Lucille did not speak to Maudie the rest of the way.

MAUDIE thought it very odd that the young man should be all alone in his empty house. She kept thinking she had seen him someplace before. At church, perhaps? It was trying, really, attempting to place this tall, thin boy with the nervous face while Lucille was acting so uppity about the dishes, demanding to know why the sugar bowl was missing, just as if she bought spode every day.

Then, when Lucille finally took out her pocketbook, Maudie suddenly remembered. Bill Teague! It was Emily Bronson's husband! Little Emily Bronson who worked at the library, who never tattled to Lucille about what books Maudie read. Why, Maudie had even been invited to the wedding, though Lucille had her bursitis that day and had made her stay at home. Poor Miss Bronson, or Mrs. Teague now, of course; poor Mr. Teague. Maudie was filled with pity for these people.

She searched among the few remaining household articles for an excuse to spend a few minutes longer here. When Lucille went to the door, Maudie stayed behind. "I'll be out in a minute," she said.

"What do you mean, you'll be out in a minute? I'm ready to leave now."

"Birthday girls shouldn't ask questions," Maudie said coyly.

"My birthday is six weeks away," Lucille snapped, "and there's nothing here." But even Lucille could not, in good grace, continue; she slammed the door and glowered at the cosmos bed while Maudie went about her little scheme.

"You have a nice new heating pad in the bedroom," she began. "Is it for sale?"

"What?" the young man said distractedly. "Oh, yes. Everything's for sale. Everything except—" He remembered then that he had locked the door to the baby's room, and needed to make no more explanations.

He went and got the heating pad, and looked aimlessly about for something to wrap it in. Maudie found a piece of newspaper and made a neat parcel. She giggled. Lucille would never guess what was in it.

"I was invited to your wedding," she said.

"You were?" Bill said politely.

"I didn't get to come," Maudie continued, "but I'd have liked to. I know Emily was a lovely bride."

"Yes," Bill Teague said.

"When I saw her back at the library after all that time, I knew something had gone wrong. What was it?"

IT WAS a question from a tender heart, and Bill Teague felt obliged to answer. "The baby died," he said gently.

"And then?"

"Then nothing," Bill said. "She couldn't seem to get over it. She thought I was a monster because I tried to help her forget it. I guess I can't explain."

In the empty house, a fly buzzed against a windowpane, and the motor of the refrigerator, which nobody had bought, started up to keep cold the lemon and the half bottle of milk which were in it.

"I think maybe I know how it was," Maudie said thoughtfully. "Lucille and me, now. We took care of our mother. Lucille had a job, and I was the nurse and the housekeeper. Our mother lived for a long, long time and we took care of her, and it was a good reason to—a good reason to stay together. Then our mother died and it seemed to me there was no reason for anything. I was so close to my mother. But time took care of me. Maybe it isn't the same thing at all. Because I don't know anything about being married, and you and Miss Bronson—you knew."

"Yes," Bill Teague said.

"Have you told her she could have other babies?" Maudie asked practically.

"I've told her everything. She doesn't listen. She doesn't want me, or the house, or anything in it."

"Go and try again," Maudie said. "Go every day. Who can keep you out of the public library?"

"Emily can," Bill said. "The way she looks at me, or doesn't look at me, she can keep me out."

"I'm sorry," Maudie said. "I think I'd better go now, because Lucille is getting angry. I hope something nice happens." . . .

A Mr. and Mrs. Johnson wanted the garden tools. Someone came in and measured the curtains, but they were too short; someone else wondered if Bill would sell the house, but he told them to come back in a week. Things were going too fast. He hadn't been prepared for the speed with which the accumulation of three years of marriage could be disposed of. He hadn't known it would be so easy to sell, all in an afternoon, the furnishings of love.

A young woman with brown hair came to the door. "I saw your ad," she said.

"The Sheraton table is sold," Bill said.

"I wasn't interested in the Sheraton table," the young woman said.

"You came for the baby things?"

"No," she said.

"What was it, then?" he asked.

"I'm interested in the—the reasonable owner," she said, and swayed a little, as if she might fall.

Bill Teague caught her in his arms. "It didn't say reasonable owner," he protested. "It said owner, reasonable."

"All the same thing," Emily whispered. "I guess I should have come this morning, before you sold anything. But I was afraid it would look as if—as if I wanted some of the furniture. Or as if I expected you to be glad. Glad to see me."

"What is furniture?" Bill Teague said fiercely. "What's a bed that nobody sleeps in, or a plate that nobody eats off? And didn't you know I'd be glad to see you, Emily? Didn't you know I've never given up for a minute?"

"I only hoped," she said, as they stepped inside and closed the door. THE END

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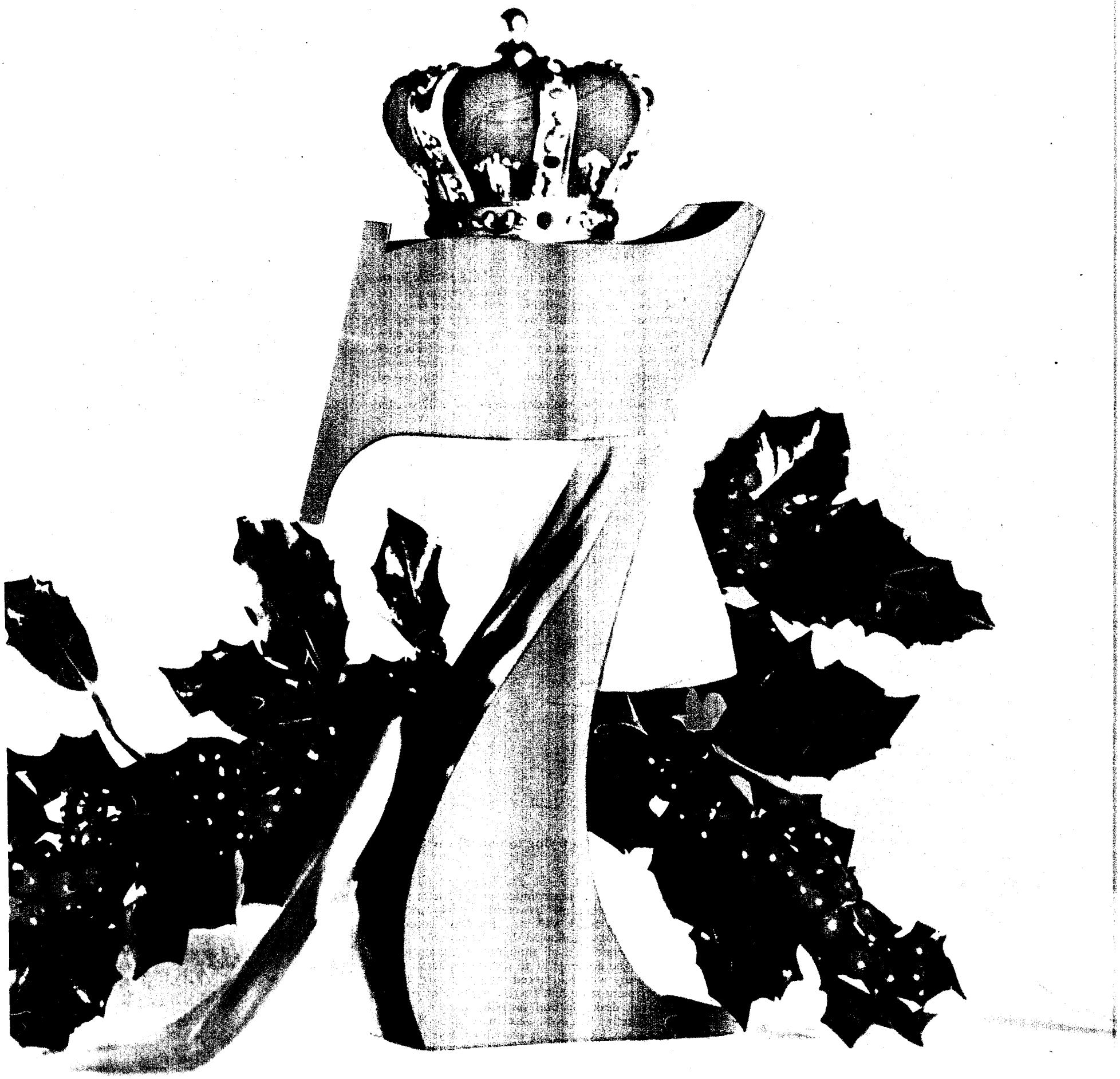

Only the finest is fine enough for Christmas

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The Day I Left My Glasses Home

If you don't want to make a spectacle of yourself, don't forget your spectacles

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

LAST Monday morning my commuting train had pulled out of the station before I realized I'd left my reading glasses in my other suit.

Now, with naked eye I can read the letters and numerals on the underside of airplane wings 5,000 feet overhead, and I can identify the license plates of automobiles a quarter of a mile away, and reeling off Pullman car names at several hundred yards is a lead-pipe cinch. But without glasses, anything in type this size or smaller is a fuzzy blur of Chinese.

So there I was, trying to read the paper in a jiggling day coach. Since the headlines were all I could manage, it was particularly frustrating when I got to page 16 and ran across a story headed, with horrible coincidence:

HERE'S HOW TO READ SMALL TYPE WITHOUT EYEGLASSES

My seatmate, Ted Olmstead, was absorbed in the comic strips and I didn't want to ask him to quit finding out what was happening to Dizzy Daisy just to read me a story, so I finished the headlines and tried to work the crossword puzzle. This was more of a puzzle than the constructor had intended. One definition (52 Across, or maybe it was 37) looked like Mast (it proved later to be Marsh) and I solved that as Spar instead of Moor. In the wrong squares at that.

While I was fumbling around, Ted put down his paper, reached into a pocket and handed me a bunch of 35-millimeter photo transparencies. "Some new shots of the family," he said.

I held one up to the window and made out what appeared to be a close-up of Ted in a coonskin cap. "Did Verna take this one?" I asked tentatively, not wishing to admit I couldn't see much.

"Why, no," Ted answered in a surprised tone. "I did. That's Verna, not me."

"Oh," I said lamely. In my embarrassment I went through the others as though I were riffling a few playing cards in an effort to find the ace of spades. "Very good," I remarked. "Swell."

Ted looked at me quizzically, put the films back in his pocket and picked up his paper without comment. I turned back to the puzzle and tried 61 (or 42) Across, which I made out as Perished. I couldn't fit the word Died into a three-letter space (not knowing the definition was Perched and the answer was Sat) and finally gave up, spending the rest of the trip reading posters in the store windows of towns we flashed through.

I never thought walking up the street from the terminal to the office would require the use of reading glasses, but I should have had them then. At Forty-ninth Street a man, obviously a foreigner, handed me a piece of foolscap on which some numbers were penciled. "Please," he asked, "where?"

For all I know, the address he obviously wanted to reach could have been 188 (or 433) West (or East) 33 (or 88) Street. I held the paper out as far as possible in front of me and squinted. No go. Then I indicated I wanted the man to hold it up for me; and while with a show of bewilderment he did so, I slowly backed away, trying to get the numbers into some sort of focus. The man paled slightly and his hands began to tremble; then he whirled quickly and disappeared around the corner—but not before I thought I heard him say something that sounded like "Coo-Coo!"

A foreigner was trying to find 33 (or 88) St.

What little part of the day I spent in the office was a shambles. I pretended to read letters presumably saluting me by name, which my eyes told me was Jerky Villains. They all wound up Severely Yoks, followed by abominable signatures. I abandoned all thoughts of attempting to decipher the contents or to dictate replies.

Since my wife had asked me to be *sure* to pay a department store bill, I wrote a check by placing it on my desk top and standing over it, pen at arm's length. My eyes were mere slits. I'm glad nobody was looking. (A couple of days later the check was returned by the store because I had signed it on the pay-to-the-order-of line and had filled in the amount where you're supposed to put the date. It was then that I realized why the name of the payee, missing entirely, was written on my desk blotter.)

Lunch that day was no problem. I merely gazed vaguely at the menu, asked the waiter what was good and took what he gave me, paying for it with a ten-dollar bill to obviate trying to see the amount of the check.

But right after lunch the boss called me into his office and asked me to scan a letter he'd received. At this point I had to admit my dilemma.

"Okay," he said. "Here—use mine."

I put on his spectacles. . . . The office reeled to the right, reversed itself and swooped lengthwise.

I put on his glasses . . . The office whirled

Something smacked my forehead. It was the edge of the desk.

"What's the matter?" demanded G.L. "Did you have a sherry before lunch again?"

"No, sir," I panted. A loose-stringed guitar was twanging inside my skull. "My glasses aren't bifocals, you see, and I'm not—uh—nearsighted."

"You're bleeding a little," G.L. observed. "Take the afternoon off and do your Christmas shopping."

The first thing I did when I got home was don my own cheaters and look up that story about reading small type without them. It said that if you curl a forefinger until the creases in the three joints form a hole just big enough to admit an unbent paper clip or pin (this may vary with the individual) why, the hole acts as a crude lens. So if you hold this "lens" to your eye like a monocle, with the other fingers half straightened out, and bring the reading matter up close, you can make out even such minute items as names in a telephone directory, train information in timetables, and ads that say $24.95 up.

I just thought you'd like to know about this. However, I wouldn't recommend it for reading newspapers on commuting trains because (a) it would take you half an hour to get through one paragraph and (b) your fellow passengers might stop eying the terrific blonde in the seat ahead and start staring at *you*. And listen: any time you attract more attention than a terrific blonde, brother, you're in a fix. THE END

The headlines were all I could manage to read

I advise you not to try this while commuting

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What men say they want most at Christmas...

by
RAY HICKOK

To help us in our planning we have asked thousands of men what they want most in the gifts they get at Christmas. So interesting is the consensus of their answers that we condense them here . . . in the selfish hope that they'll help you and, in so doing, help Hickok.

Keep it practical!

Keep it sensible, sane; something I need, can use, will wear.

Make it personal!

Make it *me;* something that says I'm more than just an impersonal object of obligation.

Make it masculine!

I don't mind sharing sexless gifts for "the house", or "the car", but flatter my ego with at least one present that's mine, all mine.

Let it be lasting!

Give me something that's here today *and* tomorrow, too; something that, like love or friendship, is for the years.

Show good taste!

Make it smart enough to be worn with pride; conservative enough to avoid me embarrassment.

Don't compromise quality!

Select something I can respect as good, well made, the honest product of a house with a reputation.

Pay the price!

Spend enough to show me that you care, but never enough to label you extravagant.

Wrap it yourself!

No matter how beautifully it's boxed, show me you think enough of the gift and the guy by wrapping your personality into the package.

Don't buy bulk!

Don't try to impress me with the sheer size of your gift. Remember that the human heart is small too, yet frequently it is as big as all outdoors.

Awarded America's highest style tribute... the 1951 Fashion Academy Gold Medal

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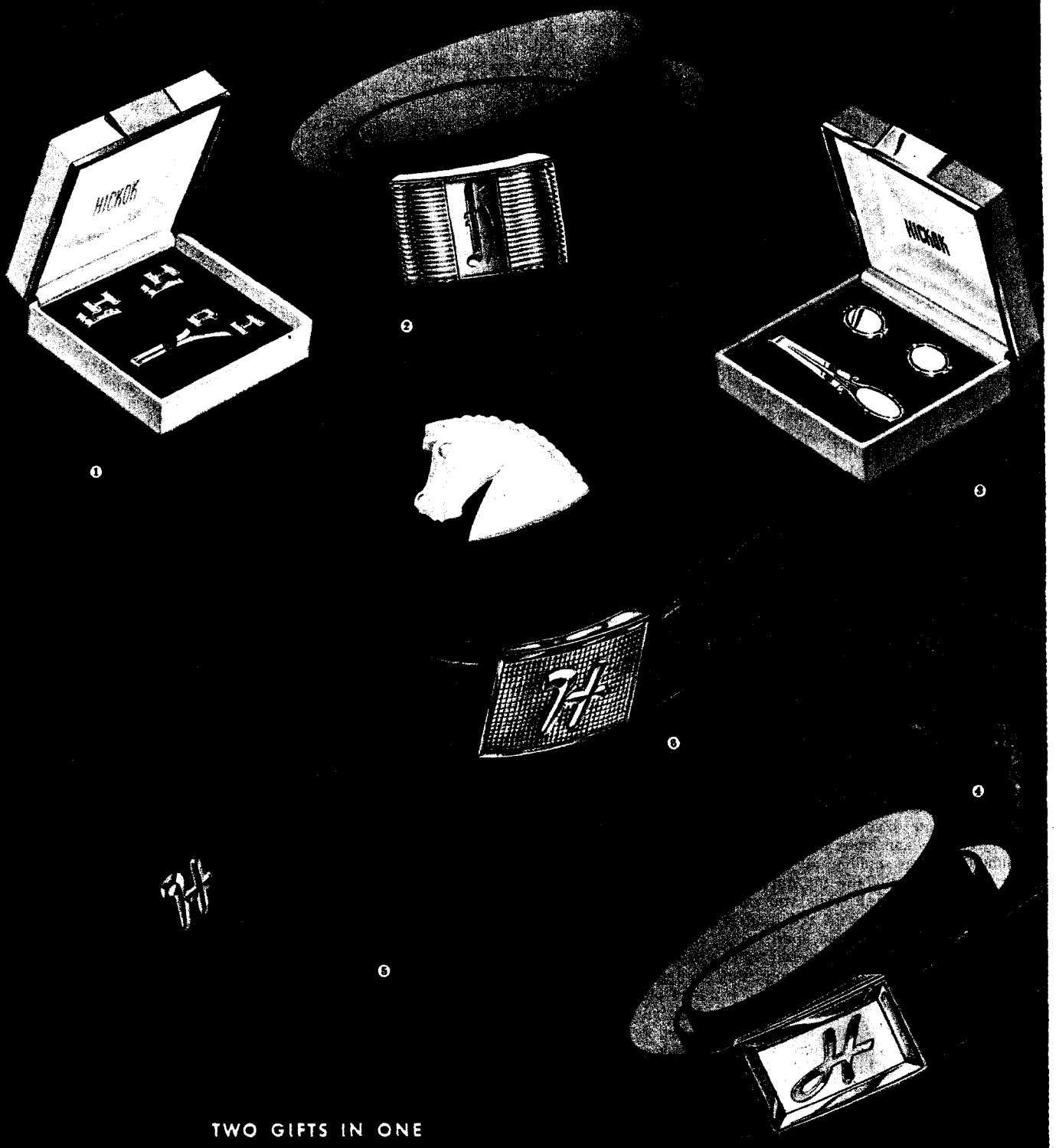

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❹ Mahogany molded Bridle Belt of genuine cowhide, $2.00. Two-tone Ribbon Initial Buckle, $1.50*. Set, $3.50*

❺ Initial Wallet, imported Goatskin. Passcase, Secret Pocket, $5.00*

❻ Imported Pigskin Belt, perspiration-proof Nylon lining, $2.50. Two-tone Ribbon Initial Buckle, $2.50*. Set, $5.00*

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Christmas in Maine

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

evergreen that runs all over the Maine woods and every so often puts up a bunch of palm leaves. And there will be rosehips stuck in pine boughs. And caraway seeds in every crust and cookie in the place.

An aunt should be on hand, an aunt who believes in yarrow tea and the Bible as the two things needed to keep children well. She will read the Nativity story aloud to the family, hurrying over the really exciting parts that happened at the stable, and bearing down hard on what the angels had to say and the more edifying points that might be supposed to improve small boys who like to lie too long abed in the mornings. She will put a moral even into Christmas greens, and she will serve well as a counterirritant to the overeating of mince pies. She will insist on all boys washing behind their ears, and that will keep her days full to the brim.

The Christmas tree will be there, and it will have a top so high that it will have to be bent over and run along the ceiling of the sitting room. It will be the best fir tree of the Paradise forests, picked from ten thousand almost perfect ones, and every bough on it will be like old-fashioned fans wide open. You will have brought it home that very morning, on the sled, from Dragonfly Spring.

Dragonfly Spring was frozen solid to the bottom, and you could look down into it and see the rainbows where you dented it with your copper-toed boots, see whole ferns caught motionless in the crystal deeps, and a frog, too, down there, with hands just like a baby's on him. Your small sister—the one with hair like new honey laid open—in the middle of a honeycomb—had cried out, "Let's dig him up and take him home and warm his feet!" (She is the same sister who ate up all your more vivid pastel crayons when you were away at school, and then ate up all the things you had been pretty sure were toadstools in Bluejay Woods, when you were supposed to be keeping an eye on her, but were buried so deep in "Mosses from an Old Manse" that you couldn't have been dug up with horses and oxen.)

Your dog, Snoozer, who is a curious and intricate combination of many merry pugs and many mournful hound-dogs, was snuffling all the time, hot on the feather-stitching the mice had made from bush to bush while you were felling the Christmas tree. A red squirrel was taking a white-pine cone apart on a hemlock bough, and telling Snoozer what he thought of him and all other dogs; the hour or so you were there.

THERE will be a lot of aunts in the house besides the Biblical one. Aunts of every complexion and cut. Christmas is the one time that even the most dubious of aunts take on value. One of them can make up wreaths, another can make rock candy that puts a tremble on the heart, and still another can steer your twelve-seater bob-sled —and turn it over, bottom up, with you all in just the right place for a fine spill.

There will be uncles, too, to hold one end of the molasses taffy you will pull sooner or later, yanking it out till it flashes and turns into cornsilk that almost floats in the air, tossing your end of it back and probably lassoing your uncle around his neck as you do it, and pulling out a new rope of solid honey.

The uncles will smoke, too, and that will be a help to all the younger brothers who have been smoking their acorn-pipes out in the woodshed, and who don't want their breaths to give them away. The uncles will make themselves useful in other ways. They will rig up schooners no bigger than your thumb, with shrouds like cobwebs; they will mend the bob-sled, tie up cut fingers, and sew on buttons after you shin up to the cupola in the barn; and—if you get on the good side of them—they will saw you up so much birch wood that you won't have to lay hand to a bucksaw till after New Year's.

There will be cousins by the cart load. He-ones and she-ones. The size you can sit on, and the size that can sit on you. Enough for two armies, on Little Round Top and on Big, up in the haymow. You will play Gettysburg there till your heads are full of hay chaff that will keep six aunts busy cleaning it out. And then you will come in to the house and down a whole crock of molasses cookies—the kind that go up in peaks in the middle—which somebody was foolish enough to leave the cover off.

Every holiday that came along, in my father's house, was the gathering of an Anglo-Saxon clan. My father was built for lots of people 'round him. But Christmas was a whole assembly of the West Saxons! My father wanted people in squads. There were men with wide moustaches and men with smooth places on top of their heads, women wide and narrow. Cousins of the second and third water, even, were there.

"Now our TV Fashion Parade switches from Milady's chapeaux to lingerie"

Hired men, too. They were special guests and had to be handled with kid gloves, as New England hired men must. They had to have the best of everything, and you could not find fault with them, as you could with uncles, if they smacked you for upsetting their coffee into their laps. Babies were underfoot in full cry. The older children hunted in packs. The table had to be pieced out with flour barrels and bread boards and ironing boards. It was a house's length from the head of the table, where your father sat and manufactured the roast up into slivers, to your mother dishing out the pork gravy. Whole geese disappeared on the way down. The Christmas cake, which had been left sweetly to itself for a month to age into a miracle, was a narrow isthmus when it got to Mother. But Mother always said that Christmas, to her, was watching other people eat. She was the kind of mother who claimed that the neck and the back of the chicken were the tastiest parts.

The prize goose, whom you had brought up by hand and called Oliver Cromwell, Old Ironsides, or some such distinguished title, was duly carved. And Father found his wishbone snow-white and you all applauded, for that meant lots of snow and two more months of coasting on your sleds. There were mince pies by the legion. And if Uncle Tom were there, a whole raccoon baked just for him and girt around with browned sweet potatoes. Mother's wild strawberry jam was there on deck, winking at you like rubies from the holes in tarts that melted away like bubbles in the mouth. That dinner was three hours in Beulah Land!

Of course, there will be an apple pudding at such a season. Steamed in a lard bucket, and cut open with a string. A sauce of oranges and lemons to make an ocean around each steaming volcano of suet and russet apples as it falls crumbling from the loop of twine. It will have to be steamed in the boiler, if your Christmas is to be the size of ours, and cooked in a ten-pound lard pail. Better use a cod line instead of the twine of other holidays, to parcel it out to the members of the clan.

The whole nation of you in the house will go from one thing to another. The secret of the best Christmases is everybody doing the same things all at the same time. You will all fall to and string cranberries and popcorn for the tree, and the bright lines each of you has a hold on will radiate from the tree like ribbons on a maypole. Everybody will have needles and thread in the mouth, you will all get in each other's way, but that is the art of doing Christmas right. You will all bundle up together for a ride in the afternoon. You had better take the horse-sled, as the pung will not begin to hold you. And even then a dozen or so of assorted uncles and aunts and cousins will have to come trooping after through the deep snow, and wait for their turn on the straw in the sled. Smaller cousins will fall off over the sides in great knots and never be missed, and the hullabaloo will roar on and send the rabbits flying away through the woods, showing their bobbing scuts.

Everybody will hang presents on the tree at once, when the sun has dipped down into the spruces in the west and you are back home in the sitting-room. There will be no nonsense of tiptoeing up and edging a package on when nobody is looking. Everybody knows who is giving him what. There is no mystery about it. Aunt Ella has made rag dinahs for all hands and the cook—for all under fourteen years of age—and she does not care who knows it. The dinahs are all alike, except that those for the children whose lower garments are forked have forked red-flannel pants instead of red-flannel petticoats. They all have pearl button eyes and stocking toes for faces. There will be so many hands at work on the tree at once that the whole thing will probably go over two or three times, and it will be well to make it fast with a hawser or so.

And then you will turn right around and take the presents off again, the minute you have got them all on and have lighted the candles up. There will be no waiting, with small children sitting around with aching hearts. The real candles will be a problem, in all that mass of spills. Boughs will take fire here and there. But there will be plenty of uncles around to crush out the small bonfires in their big brown hands.

All the same, it would be well to have an Uncle Thomas who can take up a live coal in his thumb and finger, and light his pipe from it, cool as a cucumber. Better turn the extinguishing of the tree over to him.

There will be boughten presents, to be sure—a turtle of cardboard in a glassed, dainty box, hung on springs and swimming for dear life with all four feet, and popguns with their barrels ringed and streaked with red and yellow lines. Why popguns should be painted like broomsticks is one of the mysteries, along with the blue paint you always find on Maine cartwheels. Somebody will probably get one of those Swiss music-boxes that will eke out a ghostly "Last Rose of Summer," if tenderly cranked. There should be those little bottles of transparent candies, with real syrup in them, which I used to live for through the years.

And there must be a German doll for every last girl, with mountains of yellow hair and cheeks looking as if life were a continuous blowing of bubbles. Boughten things are all right.

But if it is going to be our kind of Christmas, most of the presents will be homemade. Socks knit by the aunt who swears only by useful gifts. You have seen those socks growing up from their white toes for the last two weeks. Wristers, always red. A box of Aunt Louise's candied orange peel that she will never let on to anybody how she makes. Your father will have made a sled for every mother's son and daughter of you, with a bluebird, or robin redbreast, more real than life, painted on each one and your name underneath. You will never have another present to match that, though you grow up and become Midases. Popcorn balls, big as muskmelons, will be common ware. They will be dripping with molasses, and will stick your wristers and socks and other treasures together.

BUT the pith of the party is not reached until the whole nation of you sits down in rocking chairs, or lies down on their bellies in front of the six-foot gulf of the fireplace. The presents are all stowed, heaped and tucked away, stuck fast with cornballs. The last lamps are out. The firelight dances on the ceiling. It lights up the steel engraving of Major McCullock leaping from Kentucky to Ohio, with ten thousand mounted redskins yelling and reining in their steeds behind him. It lights up Daniel Boone's daughters as they lean away towards their boat's end and scream their silent screams and drop their water lilies, while Indian head after Indian head grins up at them from the river of the Dark and Bloody Ground.

All the babies will be hushed and put away. All the younger fry will be more than half asleep. The toasted cheese and red herring will go 'round. The herring, by the way—if you are worthy to wear my shoes after me—which you yourself have smoked with green oak, and have gotten your own two eyes so that they looked like two burnt holes in a blanket while doing it, and have hugely enjoyed every hour of it all.

Then you had best find a fair substitute for my father. Give him the best chair in the house—and the way to find *that* is to push the cat out of it—and let him tear! He will begin by telling you about such people as the brilliant young ladies of Philadelphia who had a piano too big to fit their house, so they put it on the porch and played on it through the open window. Then he will sit back and work his way to the Caliph of Bagdad, who had a daughter so homely that she had to wear a sack on her head when her suitors came awooing, and how she fell down a well and made herself a great fortune, and won the handsomest husband that ever wore a turban. That story, by the way, you will not find in the "Arabian Nights" even though you look for it, as I have done, till you have gray hairs in your head.

The firelight will get into your father's eyes and on his hair. He will move on from Bagdad to Big Bethel, and tell you all how the Yankee campfires looked like the high Milky Way itself, all night long before the battle; how the dew silvered every sleeping soldier's face and the stacked rifles, as the dawn came up with the new day and death. And you will hug your knees and hear the wind outside going its rounds among the snowy pines, and you will listen on till the story you are hearing becomes a part of the old winds of the world and the motion of the bright stars. And probably it will take two uncles at least to carry you to bed. THE END

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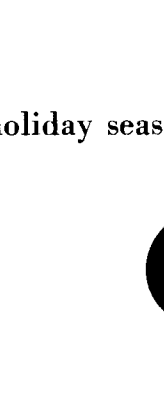

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That Long First Look

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

girls had. Even Ruth for a while had clomped like a giant. But all of the others had eventually returned to a graceful normal. Only Barby had failed to come back.

"But the terrible news is really terrible," she would insist. "I can only stay overnight. Daddy's not well."

"Oh, Barby!" Ruth would wail.

"What's Jerry got?" Mrs. Frampton would ask worriedly.

"But if it's only overnight," the Judge would say thoughtfully, "why so much baggage?"

"Well, not really overnight." Oh, God, the first of the retreats. "I'm going to be *away* more than overnight. I—I've got to go on down to Washington to get some papers for him. *Then* I'll go right home. I promised Mother," she'd add for Mrs. Frampton's benefit.

"Papers?" the Judge would say with a frown. He always frowned when he was musing. "Now, what government agency would give papers to a seventeen-year-old girl?"

"Well, not a government agency. Dad's partner's there."

"But I just heard that Ed was in Chicago. Now, Barby . . ."

The vision faded, for Barby had too much common sense not to know when she was making a fool of herself; and she knew with dismal certainty that the Framptons wouldn't believe such a story.

THE train had stopped. Barby pulled her suitcases down from the rack and dragged them out onto the platform.

"Redcap, Miss?" a voice said at her side.

"Yes, please, porter."

"Cab?" His smile was kind. The gentle executioner, Barby thought. She walked through the station, her head high, but her heart full of despair because every step was that much closer to the one failure, she felt in her bones, that would finally break her heart.

The cab door was open, and the porter stood waiting.

"Porter," she said on an impulse that surprised her far more than the man, "please call me at seven o'clock tonight." She saw his widening eyes, but she forced herself to go on. She took a dollar from her purse, and her hand was shaking. "Just call and ask for me—Miss Barbara Malden."

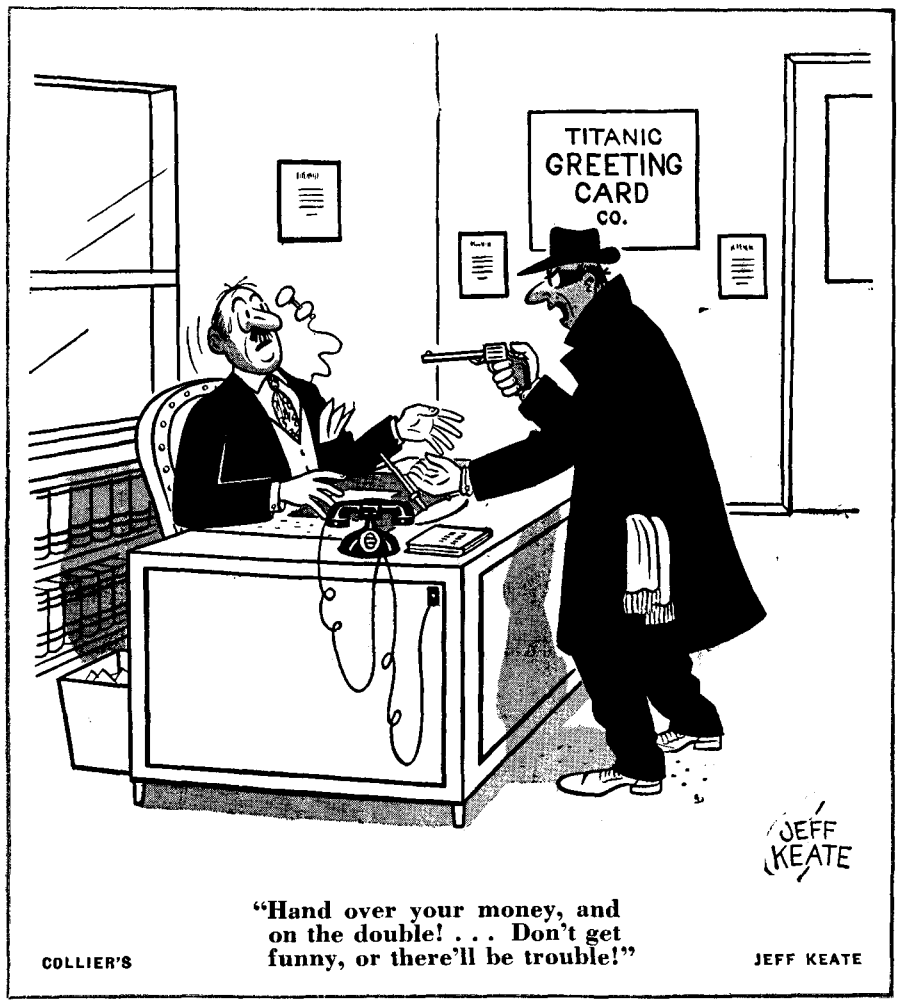
The man she was looking at was no longer simply a porter. "Look, Miss," he said gravely. "I've got daughters of my own just around your age; and you oughtn't to go around giving out your telephone number."

"I know exactly what I'm doing," she insisted, because if she couldn't lie to a stranger, how could she ever hope to tell a story to the Framptons? A telephone call so soon after she arrived could certainly be explained as a sudden request to return home or an invitation from a cousin to spend the next few days with her Aunt Hattie, who was *so* ill. Barby wrote her name and the Framptons' telephone number on a scrap of paper and pressed it on the porter. Then she jumped into the taxi before she could succumb to her own better judgment. She had it, all right; and it was her pride that her parents always said, "Thank goodness, we can trust Barby!"

The cab moved out into the street and became part of the swarm of cars that moved slowly up Park Avenue through the twinkling holiday beauty of the city, and Barby was close to tears because she felt there was no room for her in all the bright gaiety. The truth, she supposed, was that she was meant for some graver, plainer way of life, but she was too confused to know what it was, just as she was confused about the kind of person she must be.

In some ways, she knew, she was more grown-up than other girls. Yet here she was acting just as crazy as the craziest—filling herself with Cinderella dreams about how she was going to change overnight into a raving beauty. And actually *believing* it! She closed her eyes with shame and blushed for herself. But on the other hand, maybe the porter idea wasn't too bad. She began to think of the telephone call with a grim new pride in her impulsiveness. No sorrowing old maid, she. Not this baby, as Judge Frampton sometimes said.

The cab stopped under the apartment-house canopy, and the white-haired doorman's hand under her arm was the touch of reality. Once more, she was appalled by what she had done. How stupid she had been, how absolutely childish to want to run away from old friends who loved her!



COLLIER'S

"Hand over your money, and on the double! . . . Don't get funny, or there'll be trouble!"

JEFF KEATE

Why, the porter might report the whole thing to the police. "Didn't look right to me, Officer. I don't want trouble with anyone." And then the policemen knocking on the door of the Frampton apartment. "There a Miss Barbara Malden here?" With the living room full of people in for cocktails and the official voice booming out: "You the girl who gave your telephone number to a porter at Grand Central Station, inviting him to call you up?"

She walked into the elevator with her glove to her burning face. "Tenth floor, please," she said feebly.

SHE swirled into the apartment and put down her coat and bags, saying, "Hello, everybody!" There they all were: the Judge and Mrs. Frampton, and Ruth, slender in a scarlet suit. Barby kissed them all, clinging for a moment to each in turn with more warmth than usual. These were not the counterfeit figures of her daytime nightmare; these were three dear people who were devoted to her and wanted her to be happy with them.

"Well, here you are in city clothes," said the Judge. "No dungarees, no busted-toe sneakers, but real stockings, by George, *and* high heels *and* lipstick! How I do love a well-dressed girl!" He looked at her with the dispassionate appraisal of a somewhat nearsighted connoisseur. "You're getting there, baby. Another year—"

"Baby," said Ruth derisively. "How long are you going to call people *baby?* Even the doorman! Mother, just yesterday, Tom, white-haired old Tom, said, 'Morning, Judge, nice day,' and Dad said, 'You said it, baby!' "

"Ruthie," Mrs. Frampton murmured.

The Judge put his head up. "And what do you say, daughter mine, that's more endearing? I say baby because I like to say baby. And I don't say it for you, or for poor white-haired old Tom, the doorman. I say it for myself, the way I used to say it twenty-five years ago in a better, happier, more innocent—"

Jeff came into the room with an air of elegant informality. "Barby?" he said. His black hair was tousled over one eye and his soft, pleated white shirt was only half buttoned. "What is it, Christmas?"

"I am here," she said with dignity, "where I was invited to be."

"Okay, okay," Jeff said, and laughed. "Merry Christmas, that's all." He was about to turn away when something about her appearance made him pause and frown quizzically. "Say, is that a new hat or something?"

"Why?" she asked defensively.

He looked at her for a moment longer. "Oh, nothing," he said, then sauntered out of the room. The Judge stared after him.

"How cryptic can you be at twenty-one?" the Judge said. "Well, Barby, with reservations, this is life in New York. What goes at home?"

"At home?" She started to smile, then she remembered with horror what she'd done. That porter! Dear God, she prayed, could you strike a man dead for me? "At home?" she said again, and then blandly in spite of her panic she added, "Everything's fine. Just fine—so far."

"Good," the Judge said. Then for his daughter's benefit he added, "Just catsy!"

"Catsy!" Ruth's pale hands fluttered in agony. "Not *catsy!*"

"Catsy," the Judge insisted. "And not *divine*. All right, girls, we'll eat early so you'll have time to dress for your party."

"Party?" Barby said desperately. Now she was really trapped. "Tonight?"

"At Muriel Stafford's," Ruth said. "You don't know her, Barby, but there'll be hordes of boys."

Hordes, thought Barby in desperation, *but not around me.* The mantel clock said five minutes to six. She wondered if her heart would continue to pound so painfully for the next hour. Oh, God, stay your hand from that porter, and make the telephone to ring on time!

THE Judge had a strong feeling that family life needn't deteriorate in New York; and so he started dinner that night in his usual way by laying his napkin across his lap and saying, "Now I'll tell you about *my* day. Shared a cab downtown with Carson, that insurance man in 6E, and got to court in time to have an amusing chat with Lex Schaeffer who's defending—"

The telephone rang, and the Judge got up because he couldn't ever bear to have anyone else answer. He hated suspense. As he left, Barby automatically glanced at her wrist watch. Quarter to seven. This could be it. She found herself on the edge of the chair, ready to go to the telephone.

"Funny thing happened to me today," Barby said. The blood drained from her head, leaving her faint, but her voice chattered on. "There I was, standing in the station, minding my own . . ." Then her voice failed and she sat staring, straining to hear her name called from the hall. But the Judge's prolonged murmur showed that the call was for him, and she settled back, exhausted. Jeff was once again darkly thoughtful as he looked at her.

Barby's cheeks grew hot with shame under his scrutiny, because her panic, unhappiness and ineptitude must be contemptibly obvious to someone so experienced. Jeff, as the much older brother of her best friend, had always seemed to her alternately a natural enemy and a godlike creature to be glumly idolized—but never a human being. For the first time, she saw him as his father's son, and the penetration of his dark eyes made her shiver. Then he seemed to wake from a sort of trance as he said, "That telephone call reminds me, Mother. I got another parking ticket. I was passing this bookstore, and I meant to ~~go in for only~~ a minute, but—"

"Oh dear, how much will it be?"

"Fifteen dollars," he said vaguely, for he was staring at Barby again. "Well, what *did* happen?" he asked her.

Before she could invent even a panicky answer, the Judge stormed back to the table. "A man's friends ought to know the difference between the federal bench and Traffic Court. Dick Brisbane asks me—*me*—to square a speeding violation!"

"Fix it, Judge," Barby pleaded, because she wanted every telephone caller treated with sympathy. "Be nice."

Again she saw Jeff's eyes on her. He looked so serious that she couldn't remember ever having seen him this way. All she could do was to plead mutely with him not to expose whatever secrets he was discovering. Only last summer, she wanted to remind him, he had said that for a friend of Ruth's she could hold a surprisingly adult conversation.

"Dad," Jeff said dreamily, still not looking at his father. "You know that first edition of Edwin Drood I promised you for Christmas?"

"You promised to buy it out of your own money," the Judge snapped.

"I did, but I ran into a sort of extra shopping expense. Listen, Barby—" he said.

But the telephone rang again, and once more the Judge sprang up. Barby glanced again at her watch. Five to seven, or after seven, she couldn't tell which because her eyes had glazed into sightlessness, and once

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COLLIER'S

"He's one of these very nice fellows who never gets fresh and makes you wonder what's wrong with you"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

more she heard her voice burst out with vivacity, "Funny thing about that thing that happened to me today—"

From the hall, the Judge's voice called out, but not her name. Ruth rose from her chair, and Barby closed her eyes with numbed relief.

"Don't those boys ever eat?" the Judge protested as he returned. "Barby, do you feel all right?"

"Fine," she said weakly, but she was still impaled by Jeff's curious gaze. Jeff, she pleaded with her eyes, if you make fun of me now, I—I'll kill you!

ALMOST as if he were accepting her challenge, he opened his mouth to speak, but he said nothing and abruptly lowered his glance. But only for a moment, for then his eyes were on her again and while she sat there, trapped by his stare, the telephone rang a third time. The Judge got up, but Barby knew in every nerve that this finally was the porter.

"Barby." Jeff's insistent voice made her realize that he must have called her several times before. "Push your hair up behind your ears for a minute, will you?"

She stared at him blankly, but then the Judge called her name. She rose with mechanical swiftness, although the weight of Jeff's gaze was like a demand. At the doorway, she paused to turn and find out once and for all what he was appraising so unguardedly. But when she met his glance, she found herself drawing a long, slow breath that was like a gentle caress. Slowly, her hands rose in obedience to his request. She was hardly aware of the gesture because that indrawn breath was now a sweet breathlessness such as she had never felt before. A sudden instinctive perception told her that what she was seeing in Jeff's eyes was her own image magically transformed.

It dawned on her that ever since she had come into the apartment, the miracle for which she had prayed so long had been happening in Jeff's star-struck eyes. She could actually feel the sensation of her body changing beneath the outer sheath. She stood in the doorway, feeling taller, straighter. She raised her head a little, but she never took her gaze from his because the sudden understanding between them was too compelling.

The Judge called her name again, and she turned to him as if she had forgotten who he was or why she was standing there.

"For you," he said with curiosity as he handed her the telephone.

Then he stood there, for just as he couldn't bear anyone else to answer the telephone, he couldn't bear a telephone call that wasn't for him.

The cautious voice in the receiver, however, was discreet.

"Excuse me, Miss," it said, and sounded a little worried. "Is this the way you wanted it done?"

"It is," she said vaguely.

"Sure you're all right, Miss?" the voice persisted.

"Fine," she said, still in her dream. "Just fine. Thank you very much. Good-by."

She walked past the Judge, barely seeing him, drawn by the dining-room light. She wanted to hurry, but it was more delicious to walk deliberately with a tall, stately, slender stride. There was so much time ahead of her: ten whole eternal days.

In the dining room, the Judge could contain himself no longer. "Who was that?" he asked, and then told a lie himself. "The voice sounded familiar."

"Just a porter," she said without even hearing herself. "I lost my wallet and he's found it. I never even noticed that it was gone."

She sat down, and she knew that if she raised her eyes she'd see Jeff watching her. In another moment she'd look up, but there was no hurry. She felt her cheeks flush and she knew that the color was making her even prettier for him. She was slightly dizzy with ecstasy. She barely heard the Judge's musing voice as he worried about a loose end.

"But if you lost your wallet," the Judge was saying in his slow, logical way, "how come you were able to pay for the cab? And how did a total stranger know that he could find you *here?* Barby, I'm talking to you. *Barby!*" THE END

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Mister Skip

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

brownie should rely upon his bird neighbor on Christmas Eve. The gull's large grey wings were strong and swift, and furthermore he loved the excitement.

Mister Skip was able to lay out his plans quite privately, for it was many years since any outsider had invaded their steeple. When the sexton rang the church bell he just pulled the rope that hung down from the tower, and he had let ivy grow unchecked among the broken stones of the old round stairway up to the bell. The brownie and his friend the gull greatly admired the ringing music of the bell, and listened proudly when it swung back and forth on Sabbath mornings, calling the people to church. Through all the years Mister Skip had never tired of hearing its deep tones peal out over Elsenborg. Without them he might sometimes have felt lonely in his lofty nook near the bell's wide mouth.

WHEN Christmas Eve came around this year Mister Skip and the gull had arranged their program with their usual care. Lamps were just lighted in the houses below when the little brownie hopped down the tower stairs and through the church entry to the little street. He did not want to miss a minute of the Christmas Eve happiness in the homes of his friends.

Peeping into windows up and down the way Mister Skip watched each family eat its supper. The children were getting ready for bed. Then came the time that the brownie enjoyed most, they were hanging up their stockings for Santa Claus. Mister Skip darted from house to house as fast as he could move and clambered upon window sills in breathless excitement to see everything the children did. If any of them had looked closely they might have seen, framed in the frost patterns on their window frames, a small brown face, pressed tightly against the glass.

Mister Skip fairly twitched with delight as he watched the children's shining faces and listened to their laughing voices. He wriggled and grinned each time another empty stocking was placed by the chimney ready for the visit of Santa Claus. Meanwhile the gull circled overhead, watching the distant sky.

Soon the children were being tucked into bed to sleep till Christmas morning. Then Mister Skip waited impatiently until the fathers and mothers went to bed too. Finally there was not one light burning in a single house in Elsenborg.

The gull swooped down from the sky and lighted on a window sill beside Mister Skip. Both peered into a dark bedroom together.

"Are they all asleep here?" hissed the gull.

"Yes," said Mister Skip. "This makes fourteen houses that are all right. Have you seen Santa Claus yet?"

"He passed north of here a few minutes ago, and circled west. His reindeer were running like the wind."

"Keep an eye on his direction," said Mister Skip, "and come back for me when I have been to the last house." Away flew the gull and Mister Skip hurried busily to the next house down the street.

About that same time little Waldemar Nissen, lying in his deep feather bed, was saying to himself, "I shan't go to sleep, I shan't, I shan't." For days he had been planning in his own secret mind to lie awake on Christmas Eve. When he heard the reindeer light on the roof he was going to slip softly out of bed and hide near the chimney in time to see Santa Claus climb down with his pack. Waldemar supposed that he wouldn't dare speak, for he was rather a timid boy; but at least he meant to find out, once and for all, what really happened in the night before Christmas.

When Mister Skip came around to peep inside the room where the Nissens slept, he knew at a glance that trouble was on hand. "Waldemar is as wide awake as I am this minute," groaned the little brownie to himself. "It may be an hour before he forgets and falls asleep. There's no use waiting here. I shall finish up the rest and then come back."

So Mister Skip went to each Elsenborg house that had a child living in it and to some he went two or three times before he saw that every boy and every girl was sound asleep. At last he knew he had only one more to worry about, Waldemar Nissen, and back he scurried to take another look at him.

Waldemar had his elbows in his pillow and his chin propped in his hands. "I shan't go to sleep, not for all the world. I'm not even sleepy," Mister Skip heard him whisper.

Just then the gull flew down and lit on the window sill where the anxious brownie sat. "Is something wrong here? It's getting late and we should be off."

"I know it," sighed Mister Skip, "but Waldemar thinks he's going to stay awake all night. What can we do to make him get sleepy?"

The gull could not think of a thing, and walked up and down outside the window flapping his wings impatiently. This waiting was a hateful business. He longed to be off across the dark night clouds with Mister Skip on his back, flying west toward where the Santa Claus sleigh had disappeared a short time before. How long must they wait!

That question worried Mister Skip even more than it did the gull. He rocked back and forth on Waldemar's window ledge, his face drawn up in a tight knot. Now and then he clasped his hands to his head as he tried to think how to make Waldemar go to sleep. What would Santa Claus say! He had never been as late as this with his message that Elsenborg was ready.

Then the brownie had an idea. He had often seen mothers rocking their babies to sleep, and he knew what they did. "Can you sing?" he whispered to the gull hopefully.

"Certainly," replied the old fellow, more ruffled than ever. "Why?"

"Because I want you to sing Waldemar to sleep, the way mothers do their babies."

"What shall I sing?"

"Dear me, any song you know."

RATHER pleased the gull opened his beak and let out three hearty cries. Waldemar sat straight up in bed and looked at the window as hard as he could. Even Papa Nissen stirred in his sleep, nearly awakened by the noise. The brownie and bird could not be seen in the darkness, but they saw plainly enough that the gull's song had had the wrong effect upon Waldemar. If he had been a bit drowsy before, he was startled out of it now. Both of the watchers outside were in complete despair.

"Perhaps we should go and tell Santa Claus what has happened," decided Mister Skip. "He will think Elsenborg has forgotten about Christmas."

The suggestion suited the gull, for it meant action. Mister Skip settled himself upon the bird's back, crooked his feet beneath the powerful wings, and they took off with a silent upward sweep.

The crisp air made Mister Skip tingle as they flew swiftly on. The two traveled well together. Presently they sighted Santa Claus on the outskirts of a not far distant city. He recognized them the moment the gull glided over his sleigh.

"Well, well, well," cried the old saint. "Here you are at last. Off we are to Elsenborg."

"No, no, wait, sir," interrupted Mister Skip. "I have to tell you—I'm sorry—but Waldemar Nissen won't go to sleep."

"What!" exclaimed Santa Claus. "Two o'clock in the morning and that child not asleep?"

"Yes, sir," said Mister Skip meekly. "Can you tell me, please, what will make him sleepy?"

"Well, let me think," murmured Santa Claus. "What makes you sleepy, Mister Skip?"

"Me? Oh, lots of things, but mostly the wind. In the winter when it blows through

"I don't care if they did send us a card last year. There's no sense sending a Christmas card to the Bluebird Auto Laundry!"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

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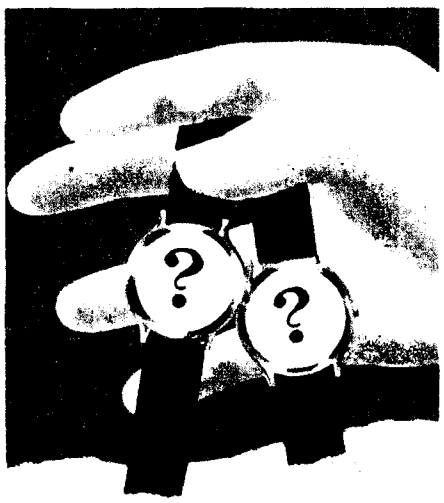

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the bell tower and rustles the dry leaves I am sleepy. And in the summer out in the fields I hear it ripple through the tall grass and stir the little brook, and then I just fall down and close my eyes."

"Stop!" exclaimed Santa Claus. "You will put me to sleep! Now then, do you know old Granny Gruekin in Elsenborg?"

"Of course, sir."

"Do you remember that bamboo stick she leans upon when she walks about?"

"Yes, Santa Claus."

"You must borrow that stick tonight. It is hollow inside, so that when you blow through it, you will make those sounds of the wind. Take it to Waldemar's room and play for him the sleepiest wind tunes you remember."

"All right, Santa Claus. Thank you. We must hurry as fast as we can."

And straight back to Elsenborg the gull flew. Granny Gruekin lived alone near the edge of the village. Mister Skip disliked going into her house, for she was a cross old woman whom all the children feared. But he certainly was not afraid of her and boldly let himself inside her door. Noiselessly he entered the room where the old granny lay snoring in her bed. Against the footpost stood the bamboo walking stick, ready for her to put her hand upon when she wished to arise.

"I must return this before daylight," thought Mister Skip. "Granny cannot get out of bed if she has no cane to lean upon."

THE brownie and the gull managed between them to get the bamboo stick down the street to Waldemar's house, and up to his bedroom window.

"Perhaps he has fallen asleep by now," suggested the bird, but Mister Skip shook his head. He could see the little boy's wide eyes in the darkness.

"Nothing's happened yet," Waldemar was saying to himself, "but I shan't give up, I shan't. I'm only a tiny bit sleepy."

Mister Skip settled himself in the open window and raised the hollow stick to his mouth as if it were a flute. He did not know how to play the tunes of the wind that would make Waldemar sleep, but he trusted in the wisdom of Santa Claus.

Thinking how a June breeze whirs over the grasses, Mister Skip began to blow into the bamboo stick, and the stick made the tune for Waldemar. Its music was so gentle you scarcely knew it was there, but Waldemar dimly listened. He heard green leaves waving in the sunshine and felt himself walking through a field on a golden summer's day. Remembering the warm joyous hours—drifting—half dreaming—he began to forget that Santa Claus must come tonight.

Mister Skip was soon lost in his own lullaby, playing with all his heart the wind songs he had heard. There was the autumn tune that sends the red and yellow leaves dancing down from the trees and makes the brown ones flutter along the streets of Elsenborg. Then Mister Skip played the song of the north wind as it rattles the bare branches and howls down the chimney and blows through the bell tower of the old stone church. By some good grace Mister Skip, who knew nothing about music, had for a little while on this early Christmas morning been a real musician, and the beautiful lullaby he played on Granny Gruekin's bamboo cane had made Waldemar go fast asleep.

Meanwhile Granny Gruekin twisted uncomfortably in her bed and though it was only three o'clock and still pitch dark, she was suddenly awakened by a terrifying thought that shot into her mind, as thoughts sometimes will in the dead of night.

"My good little cakes!" Granny Gruekin cried out sharply. "The Christmas beggars will see them and take them all away. Why did I leave them out on the table in plain sight!"

For on Christmas Day many poor unfortunates always came to Elsenborg and called at each house that could afford to welcome them. The people gave them food and pennies and invited them to share in whatever cheer they had.

"I put sugar frosting on my cakes and they are just for me," wailed Granny Gruekin. "I must hide them—quick, for someone might come early today." Frantically she reached for her walking stick. She had left it by the bed last night as always, but it was not there now. Thinking she must have dreamed such a strange mishap, Granny Gruekin now thoroughly bestirred herself. She felt all along the floor where it might have fallen, and among the covers of her bed and then on the floor again, but the bamboo stick had vanished.

The old woman lay back in her bed quivering with downright terror. "The spirits have done this to me because I wanted to hide my Christmas cakes," she shuddered and wept. "They know I can never get out of bed without my cane. Here I'll lie and here I'll die with nobody to care at all." On and on Granny Gruekin wept, bemoaning her pitiful fate and wishing she had never had those selfish thoughts on Christmas morning.

Finally, worn out with her distress, she sank into a troubled nap.

Time was so short now for Santa's visit to Elsenborg that when Mister Skip finished his lullaby and saw that Waldemar was actually asleep he didn't dare take time to return the granny's cane. The gull had him on his back in the wink of an eye and away they sailed at top speed. They were just in time too, for Santa Claus had reached the end of his journey, save only for Elsenborg.

Their important message delivered at last, the tired brownie and sleepy gull rushed back ahead of the sleigh to pick up the bamboo stick on Waldemar's window ledge. A few minutes later it stood again by Granny Gruekin's bedside, just as usual.

When the old woman, restless with worry, turned again in her bed and reached out a trembling hand, it clasped the familiar cane. In the first grey light of Christmas dawn she saw that it was really there.

"Praises be, praises be," mumbled Granny Gruekin. "I'm thankful to the good Christmas spirits. The beggars' pockets shall be filled with my little cakes, for it's naught I shall hide this day."

Santa Claus made fast work of his visit to Elsenborg. Since it was his last stop, he unloaded his bag of every toy left in it, and the children's stockings, including Waldemar's who had caused all the trouble, were filled full.

Up in the church tower the little brownie and the old gull were just settling down after the night's excitement when Santa Claus passed by on his way home. He drove close up beside their steeple to leave a present for his two friends. Chuckling behind his beard he stuck a sprig of holly in the gull's nest and another among the brownie's dry leaves. Then he left them each a piece of marzipan, the candy they loved the very best, and waving goodnight dashed away out of sight.

There, in the wintry sunrise, Mister Skip and the gull sat munching their delicious marzipan. Before they had finished they heard the sexton come into the church below. He was ready to ring the steeple bell and awaken Elsenborg for Christmas morning. Snatching a holly twig and sticking it jauntily in his cap, Mister Skip leaped up and caught hold of the old iron bell. As it swung back and forth he rode with it, laughing at his prank. The sexton wondered why the bell rang so loudly that morning. No one knew that Mister Skip with all his might was helping it to chime out,

"Ding dong, ding dong, dong-dong-dong!
Mer-ry Christ-mas El-sen-borg!
Mer-ry Christmas ev-'ry-one!"

THE END

If the Shoe Fits, Pack It

Attention, redcaps! Stand in line,
Here's Car 16, Compartment 9,
Yes, put that hatbox on the rack,
But first the wardrobe goes in back,
That suitcase underneath the seat,
The overnight bag at her feet,
Now, let's find room for one more grip
Or else we'll spoil her week-end trip!

—LOYD ROSENFIELD

COLLIER'S

"It's not *too* big a Christmas list. If you'll notice, halfway down is the word 'or' "

ROLAND COE

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Helicopters Cop the Collier Trophy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

by the Piasecki Helicopter Corporation, of Morton, Pennsylvania—are intended primarily as troop carriers. Already the big Sikorsky ships have been responsible for new tactics in warfare. Recently they were used to land 250 Marines and their equipment on a Korean mountain peak behind enemy lines, and to ferry a battle-equipped battalion of 1,000 Marines to the front lines in the largest 'copter lift in history.

But it is to the man bleeding out his life on the battlefield that the helicopter, affectionately dubbed "whirlybird" by the GIs, has performed its greatest service. To him it is the new-found promise of comfortable transport to a hospital in the shortest possible time.

Brought in quickly and without the jarring effects of a jolting jeep or ambulance ride, an injured man's chances for survival are great, even when his wounds are grave. Major General George E. Armstrong, Surgeon General of the Army, reports that since the helicopters' air-ambulance service was started, the death rate at aid stations and hospitals has been cut to 25 out of 1,000 wounded. In World War II the rate was 45 out of every 1,000, and in World War I it was 80 out of every 1,000.

Each of the Army's helicopter detachments is assigned to a Mobile Army Surgical Hospital equipped to handle serious chest, head and stomach injuries. These are cases that require extraordinary care in transportation, and they get priority with the helicopter. The mobile hospitals are set up within a few flying minutes of the front line. The battle wounded, as a result, often reach a hospital faster in Korea than traffic accident victims do in America's cities.

Evacuation procedure is devoid of waste motion. A soldier who has been wounded at the front is first treated by the infantry combat medical man. If the wound is serious, in the torso or head, a radio or telephone call is made to the mobile hospital unit and a 'copter is sent out. Minutes later, the wounded man has been picked up and the hospital is prepared for a new surgery case.

Of course it is not always as simple as that. Take the call for help from a 4,000-foot ridge in Korea where the First Marine Division was fighting.

Dangerous Ridgetop Landings

When Major David W. McFarland, of Glendale, California, and Captain James R. O'Moore, of Milwaukee, circled over the wooded ridge they could see no open space big enough to land even their small Marine helicopters. The major dropped a note to the men below and he and O'Moore hovered overhead while the Marines, using hand tools, carved through the underbrush and cleared what might rank as the world's smallest landing field on the knifelike top of the ridge. It was just big enough so that, by maneuvering carefully, each pilot in turn was able to balance on the ridge, with the 'copter's tail and nose extending into space, while the rotors turned to hold it steady. The wounded Marines were loaded, three at a time—one "walking wounded" beside the pilot and two litter cases in the pods outside.

Seventeen casualties had to be removed, so it meant several trips. Major McFarland made the last flight back after dark. These small helicopters, never intended for night flying, have no lighting on their instrument panels, so the wounded Marine beside him struck matches for illumination. (Similar emergency night evacuations, with matches or flashlights providing the only lighting, have been performed by Army and Air Force pilots.)

The whirlybirds have had a remarkable combat record, appearing to be nearly invulnerable to both ground and air attack. The number shot down cannot be disclosed, but it is extremely low, even though the helicopters are unarmed and unprotected. Often in service where the fighting is most bitter, they have developed their own front-line techniques—hedgehopping, skittering behind friendly ridges and climbing to avoid ground fire.

Actually, the weather is their chief concern. "Some of our toughest missions are caused by flying conditions," reports Captain Albert C. Sebourn, of Fort Smith, Arkansas, commander of the Army's Second Helicopter Detachment. "High winds and poor visibility are a lot worse than enemy fire."

Sebourn's four little Bell 'copters, which haven't had an accident in nearly 2,000 hours of flying, have established an amazing record in the evacuation of wounded. In eight months up to last November 1st, the four pilots in the unit had carried out 1,506 men; First Lieutenant Joseph L. Bowler, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania, accounted alone for 806 of that number, evacuating many of them under fire.

Gallant Rescue at Choksong

It was the Second Helicopter Detachment which was called on to carry out the 23 wounded men of the trapped battalion at Choksong. All four pilots—Captain Sebourn, Lieutenant Bowler, Captain Joseph W. Heley, of St. Louis, and First Lieutenant Willis G. Strawn, of Storm Lake, Iowa—were awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for their exploits on this occasion.

The Army's Third Helicopter Detachment had evacuated 1,355 wounded soldiers as of November 1st, and the Fourth had 1,465 to its credit. Thus, these three units, with only four pilots and four machines in each, have rescued a total of 4,326 wounded United Nations soldiers. Recently, the Third had the responsibility of bearing a number of the wounded out from Heartbreak Ridge. Flying through enemy fire, they carried 77 men back to an advance hospital that had been set up a few minutes' flying time away.

The helicopters are equipped for giving blood transfusions en route to the hospital. A bottle of plasma is carried inside the cabin, with tubes reaching out to the two litters. When a wounded man requiring a transfusion is placed aboard, a medic makes the necessary adjustments before the take-off. In flight, as the 'copter gains altitude, the pilot regulates the flow of blood by applying pressure to a rubber bulb attached to the bottle. This method of treating cases of shock and hemorrhage immediately, without waiting until the casualty reaches a mobile hospital, is credited with reducing the mortality rate materially.

When airmen are shot down behind enemy lines, the job of saving them goes to Air Force 'copters. The USAF Third Air Rescue Squadron has recovered many men in this fashion—although, like the Army units, by far the greater part of its work consists of flying the wounded back to hospitals; it had evacuated 3,178 United Nations soldiers in the eight months ending on November 1st of this year.

In the same period, the squadron picked up 764 men behind enemy lines, including more than 50 downed pilots. Its hard-hitting rescue technique seldom fails. As many as 40 or 50 fighter planes go in ahead of the helicopter to clear the area around a downed pilot. With napalm bombs, rockets and dive-bombing attacks, they drive the enemy to cover. When the helicopter starts in, the fighters strafe the enemy positions until it has landed, picked up the stranded pilot and is safely back in the air.

In its largest two-day operation of the Korean war, last March, the Third Air Rescue Squadron evacuated 148 injured para-

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drug, department, men's stores.

troopers, flying 77 sorties under intense mortar and small-arms fire. In action for the first time on that mission were the new 10-place Sikorsky 'copters, as well as the familiar light machines.

High records of this squadron are shared about equally by Captain Lynden E. Thomason, of Paraide, California, and First Lieutenant Elmer L. Barnes, of Crossroads, New Mexico. Between them, they have saved the lives of 427 men in a total of 225 combat missions.

A Well-Earned Silver Star

Many Silver Stars have been awarded these men of the Third; the performance which won the decoration for Captain Oscar N. Tibbetts, of Des Moines, Iowa, was typical. Tibbetts penetrated deep into enemy territory in November, 1950, in answer to an SOS from a downed and injured F-51 fighter pilot, landing in a barrage of automatic small-arms fire that riddled his helicopter but fortunately did not put it out of operation. He got the injured pilot aboard, took off as darkness closed in and made the last 45 minutes of the return trip safely without night-flying instruments.

The Navy probably has found more diversified uses for helicopters than any of the other services. They are regularly assigned to all carriers and battleships and to many cruisers, and eventually helicopter landing platforms will be installed on all hospital ships.

Formerly, a destroyer had to serve as a plane guard for each of our carriers. Since 1950, helicopters have taken over this assignment, releasing the destroyers to other duty. This has resulted not only in great economy but in much more efficient lifesaving. Even the fastest destroyer took time to steam to a downed plane and then lay to and lower a whaleboat to chug over to the crashed plane. Helicopters, hovering close to the carrier while planes are taking off or landing, are often on their way to a crash before the plane hits water. By the time the pilot gets the water out of his eyes he can expect to find a "sky hook" dangling within reach. Usually he is back on deck within three or four minutes.

It took somewhat longer a few months ago when Lieutenant James McGarvey, of Chicago, taking off from the carrier Oriskany in a Banshee fighter, crashed in the Mediterranean and injured one arm. With his good arm he caught a precarious hold on the sling lowered from the helicopter that promptly took up its position overhead. The pilot started hauling him up. But 50 feet in the air, McGarvey's hold slipped and he fell back into the water. Next time, he stuck his legs into the sling. Hanging by his feet, the lieutenant was hauled to safety.

The medical officer who treated his arm thought the head-down rescue was a fine idea. "Couldn't have done better," he said. "It drained all the water out of him."

In another of their important functions, the flying windmills have become the new "eyes" of the Navy. They have been used with devastating effect in Korea to direct fire in shore bombardments. Hovering a few hundred feet above an enemy installation, they can pinpoint a target with far greater accuracy than was ever possible from the conventional scouting planes that used to do this sort of spotting.

The helicopters also are invaluable at helping to clear out mine fields at sea. In the Wonsan area, a 'copter from the cruiser Rochester located 61 North Korean mines, then guided a mine sweeper through the elaborate field. This greatly reduced the hazard to the mine sweeper and, at the same time, speeded up the job of clearing a channel for the fleet.

Perhaps the most dramatic rescue by Navy helicopters was the evacuation of 118 men from a Thailand corvette, H.M.S.T. Prasae, that had gone aground during a snowstorm on the Communist-held east coast of Korea. The 'copters flew in and, snatching the Thailand sailors from certain capture, ferried them out from the beach to the USS Manchester without loss of life.

Deservedly sharing honors with the helicopter industry and the military services in the award of the Collier Trophy is the United States Coast Guard. It has pioneered in peacetime rescue work. During the eight years it has been using helicopters, it has saved many hundreds of lives in offshore rescues and in floods, fires and other disasters on land.

No example could be really typical of their widely varied rescue work. But the Coast Guard fliers' heroic service during the heavy floods in the San Joaquin Valley of California in November, 1950, when they carried hundreds of men, women and children to safety, deserves special mention.

Two men alone saved 39 lives on this occasion. Lieutenant Commander Gordon H. McLane, of Port Angeles, Washington, and his crewman, Aviation Ordnanceman William Peyton, of Holcombe, Wisconsin, served 22 hours without rest to accomplish this—and McLane had been called to duty from a sickbed. In several rescues it was necessary for him to land his pontoon-equipped helicopter and hold it in position in the raging water, as Peyton swam carrying a line to reach the stranded victims.

The heroes among helicopter pilots are numberless, and they could not have performed their wonderful exploits without the engineers and designers and mechanics who performed wonders of their own in the production end. It is for this reason that the National Aeronautic Association's Collier Trophy Committee—composed of outstanding leaders in the development of American aviation—decided, after careful consideration of the year's many great accomplishments in the air, to make the award as it did: to the industry that made the machine and to the military services and the Coast Guard for using it to save lives.

Production Gathers Momentum

The award winners encompass a large and rapidly expanding group. The Sikorsky and Bell factories are turning out helicopters for front-line action in a swiftly increasing flow. Recently the first few three-place machines on order by the Army from Hiller Helicopters, Inc., of Palo Alto, California, were put into service in Korea; many more will follow. The Piasecki company, busily producing 20-passenger ships, has initial work well under way on a 25- to 35-passenger experimental job that will test its huge rotary wings next spring.

Four other companies working on military contracts are the McDonnell Aircraft Corporation of St. Louis; Hughes Aircraft Company of Culver City, California; Kaman Aircraft Corporation of Windsor Locks, Connecticut; and Doman Helicopter Company of Danbury, Connecticut. For the most part, their output will be small ships, from one- to five-seaters, especially well suited to rescue operations.

As the factories grind out the ships, the services are training men, in increasing numbers, for the difficult job of piloting them. It is hard work to fly a helicopter, for the man at the controls can't sit back for one minute and relax. When you meet a helicopter pilot, you meet a man with powerfully developed muscles in his arms and shoulders.

Army, Navy and Air Force 'copter pilots are trained at San Marcos, Texas. The Marines center their training at Cherry Point, North Carolina. The Navy schools many men at its Lakehurst, New Jersey, air station, in addition to those instructed at the Air Force's San Marcos base. And the Coast Guard course is at Pensacola, Florida. Numbers of personnel in this vast effort cannot be revealed, but you can multiply any figures of a year ago by several hundred per cent and get a rough idea.

A page has been torn from the calendar of helicoptering. The pioneering era is over. The need for the helicopter, particularly in air rescue work, has been conclusively demonstrated, and the days of vastly increased production and use are here. Ahead, as in the past 12 months, it has a very special job to do. THE END

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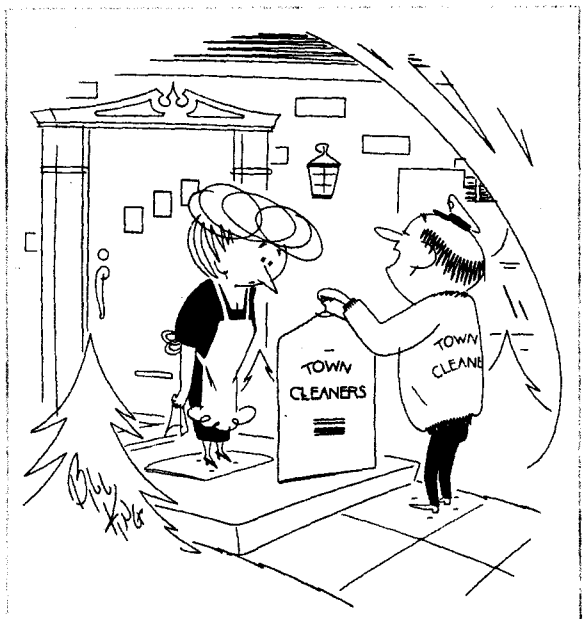
Cleopatra and Friends

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Besides, could they gamble on Vivien Leigh in Shakespeare again? She had done a film version of the Shaw play and had become famous for relatively light roles on stage and screen, but the first and last time she tried a major Shakespearean role (it was in 1940, in New York, as Juliet to Olivier's Romeo), she flopped and they lost about $35,000.

Since they were obviously getting nowhere with their problem, the Oliviers decided to go to Paris for a change of atmosphere. This set off a chain of events which led to some sensational results. First, the change brought the flu, which landed Olivier in bed, where there was little for him to do but read. For sheer diversion, Laurence picked up Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, reread it and then bounced up with the excitement of a man who has made a great discovery.

This was the answer. Olivier was certain they could do it. He reached for the telephone and called Roger Furse in London: "We're going through with that crazy idea of yours: the two Cleopatras," he said.



"We finally got that spot out, Mrs. Hammond, and then we patched it up so you'd hardly notice it"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

The Oliviers headed back to London as soon as Laurence could leave his bed. The board met again during the first week of the New Year to draw up production plans, and this time they were unanimous in their enthusiasm. The two plays had never been produced as a package before. They were sure that they were going to make stage history by thus combining a comedy and a tragedy about one of the most bewitching women of all time.

Cast for Arduous Dual Roles

They realized, of course, that what they were undertaking was a project of titanic proportions. The two plays were entirely different. Shaw's witty, philosophical picture of the young queen and the fifty-year-old emperor who teaches her statecraft and the manners of a monarch is at the opposite pole from Shakespeare's intense drama about a mature and scheming woman who, a few years after Caesar's assassination, brings about the ruin of her more recent lover, the Roman warrior Mark Antony. The job of alternating these roles night after night—Vivien shifting from the impulsive young girl to the calculating "Serpent of the Nile," Olivier transforming himself from the wise and witty emperor into the tortured Antony—would take a lot of doing.

Olivier, who is a director as well as an actor, decided, however, that it would be too much for him to play both Julius Caesar and Antony and direct the two productions at the same time. Michael Benthall was chosen for the latter chore. Benthall was a good choice for he was old enough to have had some experiences in producing Shakespearean drama, and young enough to adjust his ideas to those of Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier.

They conceived the two productions as one, beginning with Shaw's frivolous, kittenish Cleopatra of sixteen, who develops the next night into Shakespeare's mature and seductive woman of thirty-seven.

To tie the two pieces together, they hit upon the device of using a sphinx to open the Shaw play and to close Shakespeare's. Cleopatra first appears between the paws of Roger Furse's sphinx, when she startles Julius Caesar as he pays his respects to the symbol of Egypt in a presumably deserted desert. The next night she commits suicide in the same place, where Antony dies and "the crown o' the earth doth melt."

Another linking device was to have Cleopatra make her final appearance in the death scene wearing the same colorful coronation robes in which she appears on the previous evening as a young girl in the Shaw play. Furse also designed sets for the revolving stage which could be used for both plays, giving them a similar background. Running through both plays are the same Roman soldiers in classic military garb, and the same shapely female attendants of Cleopatra's court in flowing boudoir silks. In fact, use of virtually the same cast for both plays provided one of the best elements of continuity and coherence.

Within the over-all unity of the two productions, director Benthall sought some diversity. "We wanted to make the Shaw play rather realistic," he said, "and the Shakespeare more poetic." Therefore, he explained, the lines of the first play were given "Shavian dry delivery" and those of the second the "rich, Renaissance treatment" befitting Shakespeare.

The stage was set and the cast was completed with Robert Helpmann (the dancer-actor of Sadler's Wells ballet fame), in the secondary lead as Apollodorus, the dashing Sicilian in the Shaw play, and as Octavius Caesar, adopted son and heir of Cleopatra's earlier love, Julius Caesar, in the Shakespeare. But director Benthall and the Oliviers still had to work out their interpretation of Cleopatra.

Shaw's heroine provided no problem. Shakespeare's did. There are different ways of looking at the Serpent of the Nile. Was she, as Antony once charged, a strumpet who had betrayed him to his enemy, Octavius Caesar, as they were locked in a death struggle? In this interpretation, as Antony lost in prestige and power, Cleopatra began negotiating with the new conqueror, Octavius.

Or was Antony really the passionate and undying love of her life? If so, it was obvious that she had not betrayed him but had sought terms with Octavius Caesar when the situation was already lost, to save her children, and perhaps herself—committing suicide only after she discovered the truth of Antony's warning that Octavius planned to drag her to Rome, where she would be hoisted up to the shouting plebeians and where his sister, Octavia, whom Antony had abandoned for Cleopatra, would "plough thy visage up."

The argument, hundreds of years old, was more alive than ever. It was tossed back and forth, into the early hours of the morning, at the theater and after the theater, at the home of the Oliviers in London and at Notley Abbey, their home in the country. Vivien Leigh, very much concerned with the outcome, debated the issue with poet T. S. Eliot, among others. All their friends and associates came up with different lines from the play to support the different theories.

But Vivien Leigh, who was to play the Egyptian temptress, insisted that Cleopatra's love for Antony was true, however calculating she may have been at the same time. Besides, if Cleopatra were only a double-crossing opportunist, that would make Antony appear to be a simple-minded sucker—not an inviting role for Olivier to play.

The next and most serious question of all was whether Vivien Leigh could play this most difficult of all the female roles in Shakespeare. She had to bridge a gap of 21 years between the ages of the two Cleopatras. Though she herself is thirty-seven, she could more easily look and play the part of the impulsive girl of sixteen. Her face could be painted to appear older, but the Shakespeare part required a good deal more than that.

Vivien went to work on the visual problem, solved it by creating a special make-up formula for her alternate roles. "Everything is applied in a slightly different way to alter the shape of the face," she says. "For the young Cleopatra, I put rouge high on my cheeks, to make my face look plumper. And I use a lot of lipstick. It looks unsophisticated.

"For the older Cleopatra, I apply rouge lower down, which makes my face look leaner and more interesting, and use lipstick less lavishly, in a manner more fitting a woman of the world."

Appraising Her Own Faults

The physical handicaps were overcome as best they could be, including the three of which Vivien Leigh most often complains: "My neck's too long, my hands are too big and my voice is too small."

Miss Leigh's neck was cleverly draped by Audrey Cruddas, her costume designer. Vivien stood for six hours one evening, without a break and without flinching, while the gowns were fitted to her taste. "She insists that her costumes flatter her as a person, rather than merely suit the character she is playing," explained Miss Cruddas.

As for her hands, Miss Leigh found comfort in the fact that Ellen Terry, one of England's greatest actresses, had big ones, too. "I learned from Ellen Terry," she once said, "not to try to hide my big paws. People notice far more what you try to hide than what you blatantly expose."

Vivien took special lessons to bring her high-pitched voice down to the deeper tones required for the older, womanly queen.

Then came the hard grind of rehearsals and the countless hours of training, day and night, under Olivier's coaching, to turn the voice and the face into the complex character of Cleopatra.

When opening night, May 10th, finally arrived, it was far from certain that they had brought Shakespeare's Cleopatra back to life. Vivien Leigh had feared that she and her husband were still too young for the play, that they needed at least five years more in age and experience to bring it off. Neither would have undertaken the Shakespeare drama by itself. Together with Shaw, they thought they had a chance.

The Shaw piece came off as had been expected—a great hit. Winston Churchill was so pleased with the production he went to see it twice.

But tension mounted backstage as the time came for the crucial test—the Shakespeare Cleopatra. Since the nervousness of first nights always makes her wringing wet, Miss Leigh was again fortified with the special pads which Miss Cruddas fits into her gowns.

Miss Leigh played the part for all she was worth, with all the passion she could muster and all the grief her pretty face would register. Olivier did his best as the bewitched lover. When the curtain came down, after Miss Leigh had delicately slipped the poisonous asp to her breast, they were given a tremendous ovation. So far as that excited first-night audience was concerned, they had pulled it off.

Throughout the five-month season the theater was sold out every night. But some critics, who were not carried away by the glamor of the occasion, and who took a good look at the Shakespeare performance, found the Oliviers fair or even poor; certainly not great. They felt they had caught

"The fewer needles on the tree, lady, the fewer needles on the carpet"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

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the light comic roles of Shaw but somehow missed the tortured characters of Shakespeare.

Commenting on the Shakespeare production, the London Times said Leigh was "a somewhat cool enchantress" and Olivier "a worn but leonine Antony." The Daily Mail thought Leigh's Cleopatra was "two-thirds a fine achievement." Another critic said Leigh is "bright but seldom burning." On the other hand, the Daily Telegraph praised her for "the finest acting of her career."

After the smoke of the first night cleared away, Kenneth Tynan wrote a sharp analysis of Leigh's performance for the Evening Standard. In the Shaw play he credited her with "a firm grip on the narrow ledge which is indisputably hers; the level on which she can be pert, sly and spankable and fill out a small personality." However, in her Shakespeare Cleopatra, he found "no hint of that attack and upheaval, that inner uproar which we call greatness," and, he wrote, "She picks the part with the daintiness of a debutante called upon to dismember a stag."

In the opinion of most British critics, Leigh is still a long way from reaching the level of such top-ranking actresses as Edith Evans and Sybil Thorndike. They agree, however, that Olivier is among "the great." There are differences of opinion as to where Olivier stands in relation to other prominent Shakespearean actors: John Gielgud, Ralph Richardson and Alec Clunes. While he has been universally acclaimed for some roles, such as Richard III, he was considered less successful in others, such as Hamlet and Antony.

As the season wore on, Vivien found the strain of playing Cleopatra in her two guises more and more severe. At one performance, when the audience remained rather cold and the applause was less than desired, she took her bows with her usual fetching smile, but members of the cast could hear her cursing under her breath.

A Flare-Up of Temperament

On another occasion, she blew up in the presence of friends who went to see her in her dressing room after the show. She told them she was tired and fed up with it all. At that moment she would have liked nothing better than to get out of the theater. But Miss Leigh, though she appears frail, has a strong will, and she plugged along bravely to the end of the season.

The Cleopatra plays could have run in London for a year or more, but the Oliviers were not interested in an endurance contest. They had executed a brilliant theatrical idea with more than a moderate degree of success, and they were prepared to settle for the return of their investment, about $75,000. But with the small seating capacity of the St. James's Theater, they would have to run several years to get their money back. So they decided to take the two plays to New York for a big return on a short run of a few months. American theatrical producer Gilbert Miller, who had arranged their long-term lease at the St. James's Theater, agreed to present the Oliviers and their Cleopatras in New York.

The Oliviers have come a long way since their individual beginnings in the theater. Olivier, the son of an Anglo-Catholic clergyman, was first spotted by Ellen Terry when in 1922, at age fifteen, he played Katharine in a boys'-school performance of The Taming of the Shrew at the Shakespeare Festival Theater in Stratford on Avon. Terry congratulated him for a performance that had "a fire of its own." Seven years later, after playing numerous minor roles, he got his first big part on the London stage in Beau Geste. From then on, it was one lead after another.

Vivien Leigh also developed theatrical notions at a tender age. Born in India, the daughter of an English exchange broker, she was sent to school at a Roman Catholic convent near London in 1920, when she was six, and there decided that she wanted to be an actress. After studying at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, she won her first role as a schoolgirl in 1934 in a British film, Things Are Looking Up. Word of her beauty and ability spread rapidly, and she became famous overnight. After a sensational appearance in the London play, The Mask of Virtue, Alexander Korda signed her to a $50,000-per-year film contract.

Soon after they first met in 1936—while waiting for taxis in the lobby of the Savoy Hotel—Olivier and Leigh came together for the first time in their professional careers in Korda's film, Fire Over England. This was the birth of their fame as Britain's outstanding love team—on and off stage.

Olivier next joined the Old Vic Theater —famous for great classical drama—and developed into one of Britain's leading Shakespearean actors. He took Leigh along with the Old Vic company as Ophelia in a production of Hamlet at the very site where Shakespeare set his play—the ancient castle of Kronborg at Elsinore in Denmark. Then, while Olivier made a name for himself in Hollywood, Leigh became world famous for her Scarlett O'Hara in Gone with the Wind.

It was during this Hollywood period that Laurence and Vivien received the news that they were finally free to marry. Herbert Leigh Holman, a London barrister whom Vivien had married when she was eighteen, and under whose middle name she had won fame on stage and screen, agreed to a divorce. Holman was granted custody of her only child, Suzanne. At the same time, Jill Esmond, the English actress to whom Olivier was married, also decided on a settlement. Miss Esmond was given custody of Olivier's only child, a son, Tarquin.

With Katharine Hepburn and Garson Kanin, Vivien and Laurence drove to Ronald Colman's ranch near Santa Barbara and were married on August 30, 1940, an event for which they had been waiting ever since their accidental meeting four years before.

In June, 1947, the Oliviers secured the recognition they had been hoping for. Olivier was summoned to the palace and knighted Sir Laurence, Vivien automatically becoming Lady Olivier. He and Ralph Richardson are the only two British actors currently performing in England who have been knighted (others who have had this distinction in recent years are Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Sir Godfrey Tearle).

Olivier and Richardson brought new glory to the Old Vic and led the company in highly successful tours of Europe and the United States. However, they broke with the Old Vic in 1949 when one of their friends was dismissed as director. From then on, Olivier began to develop his own company. He leased the St. James's—one of London's oldest theaters—where he sought to establish a theatrical home for himself and his wife and to achieve his goal of becoming an actor-manager in the great tradition of David Garrick.

Olivier has shown very human qualities in his acting. This is reflected in his Julius Caesar and his romantic roles as Henry V and as Heathcliff in the film Wuthering Heights. His creative talents as a director produced his striking motion-picture versions of Henry V and Hamlet.

Olivier himself considers his work as director-producer more exciting and creative than that of actor. He believes in letting his actors express their own conception of their roles (which Helpmann does as Octavius Caesar in Antony and Cleopatra and steps in to illustrate the part only when the actor doesn't know how to play it. He once leaped onto the stage and without removing his coat turned a series of cart wheels for the benefit of an actor who had to do them for his part but didn't know how. When his actor friend Peter Cushing was afraid to raise his voice for fear of spitting because of newly acquired false teeth Olivier shouted to him during rehearsals, "Go on, Peter; it doesn't matter if you spit! Spit for all you're worth! Drown us all! It will be a glorious death!"

In spite of, or perhaps because of, their current lofty position in the theater world, the Oliviers shy away from the press and make themselves as inaccessible as the king and queen of England. Various reasons for this are given. One is the rough treatment they have sometimes received, though, on the whole, the press has been overwhelmingly in their favor. Another is that they are very much aware of what Hollywood gossip columnists and rumormongers can do to disrupt the private lives of actors and actresses. Still another is that nothing succeeds like secrecy in intriguing the public. Greta Garbo has proved that, and so did Sir Henry Irving, one of the greatest of Shakespearean actors.

Olivier recently recalled Irving's theory that the magic of his performances sprang from the creation of a legend and a mystery about himself. And Olivier, observed that "there's no glamor about an actor when you get to know him."

The opinions of those who do know the Oliviers range from hero worship, at one end, to surprisingly unflattering remarks at the other extreme.

There are warm testimonials to his loyalty to friends. Peter Cushing, who was an excellent Brittanus in the Shaw play, had a nervous breakdown during rehearsals. Olivier went to see him at the hospital, urged him not to worry about money, and though the company had little to spare he advanced Cushing enough to end his anxieties. Cushing later returned to the stage.

Esmond Knight, a character actor with whom Olivier has played for many years, was blinded during the war. He has partly recovered his sight, but is still greatly handicapped. Olivier, an old friend, was ever mindful of his plight and saw to it that he was given a part in the Cleopatra productions. Knight worships both Oliviers, and speaks of them as being "as much loved as the king and queen."

While holding his old friends, Olivier is said to be making few new ones. Even Knight, ever faithful, was aware that Olivier had become "more austere and a little remote." Some ascribe this to a head swollen from having been knighted by the king, but Knight prefers a more generous explanation:

"This is the penalty of his responsible position as an actor-manager. He dare not show favoritism in the theater or be too informal with members of his cast. And some of his natural joyousness is curbed by a mind too full of the problems of a businessman. He is the case of the very popular, rather undisciplined schoolboy who becomes a monitor."

Dangers of Keeping Aloof

However, Milton Shulman, a London critic, believes the Oliviers' recently acquired aloofness is more serious than that. He said that "any acquaintance who slaps Olivier on the back expecting to find Larry risks a rather disconcerting experience." And he spoke of the "danger that his present Olympian perch may isolate him from the contacts every artist must maintain if he is to keep in touch with the needs and demands of his public."

Though fellow actors are saying that "Larry is not the great fun he used to be," Knight insists that "deep down" there is no change and "if you want to see him let his hair down, go to his country home and you will find no one in England more unconventional, more joyous."

Behind Vivien Leigh's enchanting, innocent blue eyes lies a clear, cool and calculating mind, according to both friends and foes who have come in close contact with her. And they agree that she is driven by a consuming ambition to become the greatest actress on the English-speaking stage.

Leigh herself said, "If I were really and truly given a chance to live my life all over again. I am certain of only two things. One is that at an early age I should become an actress. The other is that at a not much later date I should marry Laurence Olivier (he has long been and goes on being my favorite actor) and do the proposing myself if necessary. As a schoolgirl, it was my permanent daydream to become an actress and I never had the least desire to be anything else."

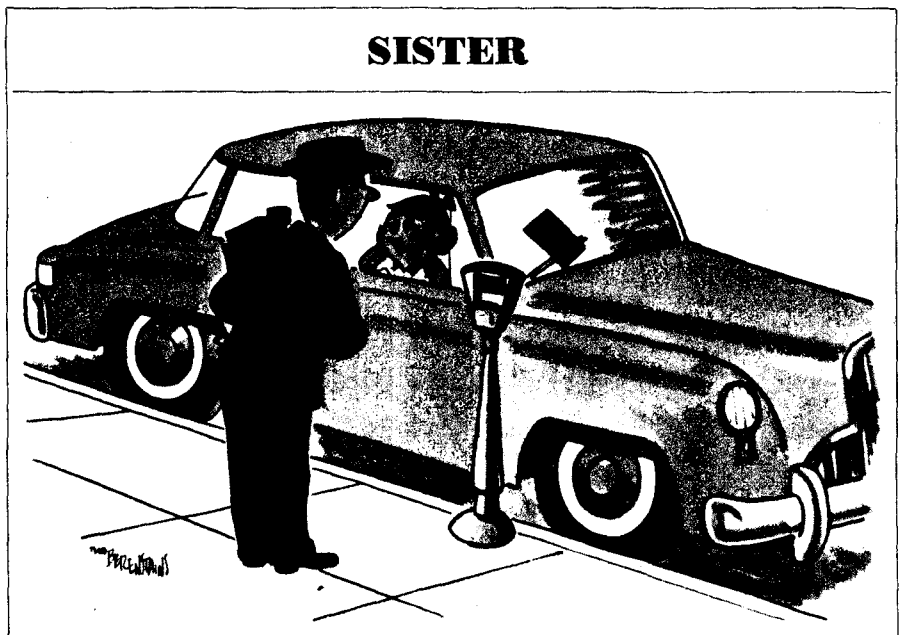
Paul Crosfield, who plays the part of a soldier, says, "Olivier staged the current productions purely for the sake of Vivien Leigh; he wanted to give her the marvelous opportunity of the two Cleopatras."

Audrey Cruddas speaks of Vivien Leigh's "tremendous will power" and cites her feat of standing for hours without interruption while being fitted for costumes. She also says Miss Leigh has tremendous "singleness of purpose" and for her the play is the only thing that counts, the only topic of conversation, the only reason for existence.

Patricia Nye, who plays Ftatateeta, the young Cleopatra's chief nurse, says: "Apart from her beauty and her great acting talent, Vivien has what is more rare in an artist of any kind—a good business head. If Larry has taught her a great deal about acting, she has taught him a great deal about business."

Talk about business, with its constant suggestion of a head rather than a heart at work, keeps cropping up. It is carried to the extreme of making Vivien Leigh the unseen brain behind the Olivier Productions. Alan Dent, one of their friends among the London critics, believes that Miss Leigh really is the guide in practical matters and counterbalances Olivier's exuberance. And he thinks she is generally right in her ideas as to what is best for them.

Miss Leigh's instinct for business may be traced back to her mother, Mrs. Gertrude



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Hartley, who runs a successful beauty salon and school in the Knightsbridge section of London. It is Mrs. Hartley who looks after Vivien's face and sees that it stays young and attractive, with the help of a secret treatment which she reserves exclusively for her daughter.

Some who have seen Olivier at home in the country are convinced that he is potentially the greatest comedy actor of the day. Diana Wynyard, who commented briefly on the Oliviers, said, "I like to think of Larry being terribly funny—not witty, but divinely and simply comical."

Olivier has been seen in his best comic roles off stage. He once had his guests roaring with laughter when he jumped up from the table and impersonated, with all the mimicking gestures and voice effects, a story about the famous old French actor Lucien Guitry and his son Sacha. Encountering a beggar in the street, Lucien gave Sacha a sou. Little Sacha crossed the street, dropped the sou in the beggar's cup and returned to his father, who upbraided him for not having removed his hat. "But, Father, he is blind," protested Sacha. "Yes, but what if he is an impostor?" asked his father.

Olivier again displayed his talent at a benefit performance in June for the family of the late English comedian Sid Field. Laurence was billed with his wife and Danny Kaye as the "obnoxious triplets" and he proved to be as comical as Kaye, who thought they would be a terrific success if they toured together. Olivier's Mister Puff in Sheridan's comedy The Critic was called the best ever seen on the London stage. As Shaw's amused, fatherly Caesar who toys with, but knows better than to be burned by, young Cleopatra, his grasp of comedy roles can be seen again.

But Vivien Leigh, whose hand apparently guides the great team, is determined to make them the royal couple of the English-speaking stage. And to her mind that means that they should reach for high tragedy as the summit of drama, neither of them being ready to believe that their peak may lie in another direction.

The Oliviers' current Broadway production of the two Cleopatras provides as good an opportunity as any for their public to judge for themselves.

But whether the famous couple is destined to be supreme in comedy or tragedy, there is little doubt that Olivier, supplying the heart, the warmth, the feeling, imagination and creative genius, and Vivien Leigh, providing the reason, will power and drive, have fused the elements of an impressive dramatic team. THE END

Journey to 4000 B.C.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

that, until we arrived, no one had set foot in their unmapped valley since before the time of Christ!

Nearly every place we went, we dug up records of hitherto unknown civilizations, civilizations that had flourished in Central Asia when the Hebrews still were primitive nomads wandering between Mesopotamia and Palestine under patriarchs like Abraham; and along ancient river beds we found cradles of mankind that must have been similar, in prehistoric times, to the great cultures that were flourishing then in the Nile and Euphrates Valleys.

More dramatic was another discovery we made. For years, scientists have felt that a fascinating race of white barbarians (known as the Aryans, and by a number of other names as well) *must* have existed in this area hundreds of years before Christ; they are believed to have provided the common cultural root for dozens of modern peoples and languages, from Hindustani to Swedish. Yet few positive traces of the Aryans have ever been found.

Our expedition may have discovered some of the first confirming clues that this mystifying race actually existed!

Also, we began to fill in another great gap in human knowledge. Civilization, as we know it, is believed to have originated more than 6,000 years ago in the Near East—in the general area of the present Iraq and Egypt. But where did it go from there? Much of our understanding of history, from that date onward, depends on the answer: Did man, fanning out from the Near East in those pre-Biblical times, head north or south?

Most previous theories said northeastward. Our expedition found important clues indicating that the major movement of man was *south*eastward—into India, instead of toward China. Thus it would appear that India may have had a far older civilization than we had suspected—may, indeed, have been one of the most important breeding places of the civilization we know today.

Our findings might throw light on yet another great mystery of science. For years, archaeologists have puzzled over the origin of the Polynesians. Where did they come from? How did they reach their remote South Pacific islands?

The recent Kon-Tiki expedition, by floating in a raft along the Humboldt current from Peru to Polynesia, attempted to prove that the prehistoric settlers of the islands came the same way, from east to west. Now, however, our findings in faraway Afghanistan would seem to show that the flow of prehistoric peoples into India pushed out the original inhabitants of that area, thus dislocating populations in surrounding regions, perhaps as far away as the East Indies. It is even possible to speculate that this movement reached all the way to the Pacific isles—and ultimately (speculating further) to Peru. In other words, the exact *opposite* of the Kon-Tiki theory! In many respects, on our second visit to Afghanistan we were like the Kon-Tiki expedition, in that we were very young people (including three girls) pushing off into the dangerous unknown.

A Dangerous No Man's Land

And not all of our adventures were in the past. We found ourselves operating in a strange no man's land between the free world and Communism, and nearly every day something happened to remind us that we were sitting on one of the modern world's most explosive powder kegs.

To the east, Communist China was consolidating her conquest of Tibet.

To the west, Iran and Britain were at dagger points over the Iranian oil fields.

To the north, Russia sat menacingly on guard over one of her most sensitive frontiers, the Mississippi-like Oxus River that flows near the Soviets' vast Central Asian industrial cities and atomic-bomb ranges. This border was in a state of constant ferment, and when we approached it, we never knew when we'd be grabbed by a Red patrol darting across the frontier to hold us as "spies" in a new Robert Vogeler or William Oatis case.

Even more serious was the situation to the south, where India and Pakistan seemed ready to go to war at any moment over the control of the state of Kashmir. Afghanistan's interests lie with India in this dispute, for the Afghans would like to set up an independent nation of the Pathans, who live on both sides of the Afghanistan-Pakistan border and are claimed by both nations as racial brothers. There is constant skirmishing between Afghan and Pakistani troops, a situation that aids India by keeping much of the Pakistani army tied up as far as possible from Kashmir.

This is a crisis that is far more serious than one American in a million realizes. If the Kashmir controversy erupts into war between Pakistan and India, Pakistan probably will invade southern Afghanistan,

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whereupon Russia might very well move down from the north, to "liberate" the Afghan Uzbeks, blood brothers of the Soviet Uzbeks, and to keep a potential enemy from her border. The United States and Britain certainly would react vigorously to this new aggression—and World War III could be under way, in an area whose existence is not even known to many Americans.

Grim Reality in Dreamworld

During our expedition, we were constantly being jolted back to these bitter realities of today, from our fascinating dreamworld of yesterday. Once, when we spent the night at the home of a Pakistani official near the Afghan border, he took me out in his jeep to show me the posting of the guard at the nearby frontier stations. We saw a handful of regular Pakistani soldiers and hundreds of "levy guards" (colorful six-foot tribesmen from the nearby villages); and then suddenly, as we passed a clump of trees, I heard the familiar zing of bullets whining past my ear.

I hit the dirt and crouched behind a log for nearly an hour, while the whole border came alive with fire on both sides. When a lull finally developed in the shooting, I crawled away on my belly, feeling as naked and unprotected as when I was machine-gunned on a junk in the Yangtze River, while serving as a U.S. Army liaison officer during the Chinese civil war.

On another occasion, we were camped in the Afghan wilderness when I awakened at about 2:00 A.M. with the sensation that someone was staring at me. I looked outside the tent and I felt a chill go through me: we were surrounded by a cordon of giant burnoosed figures, squatting on their heels in the moonlight, rifles poised! Before I could say anything a voice snarled at me in Pushtu, the language of the region, "Are you English?" I stammered out a "No," and the voice asked, "Are you German?" (Germans had come into the country during World War II to stir up trouble on India's frontier.) I gulped, "No."

"Then are you Russian?" the man asked. With each successive question, I could see his hand tighten on the stock of his rifle.

"No! No!" I yelled. "We're Americans."

This apparently took the tribesmen aback for a moment, because they went into a huddle. After a moment, they laughed enigmatically, and then disappeared suddenly into the night. Later, we heard about an arms-smuggling caravan on the Pakistan side that was captured after a long fight with regular soldiers. They were heading into the wild mountains south of the Khyber Pass with munitions for the Fakir of Ipi, who has fought the British since the 1920s and still is hiding out with his forces somewhere in the impenetrable mountains, in revolt against the Pakistan government.

With all this trigger-happiness in the area, it would not be surprising if we turn out to be the last American scientists allowed into Afghanistan for some time to come. If the border warfare waxes warmer, or if the Russians apply pressure to their neighbor to have Americans kept out (the Afghans hate but fear the U.S.S.R.), the gates that opened ever so slightly to admit us will be clanged shut once more. And no one knows when they would be reopened.

Our expedition was a long time a-borning. I suppose that its inception actually can be traced as far back as my childhood. My great-grandfather was a Scottish engineer who helped construct a 4,000-mile section of the trans-Siberian telegraph line in the 1860s—a stupendous feat for those days, and one which brought him the coveted Order of St. Stanislaus from Czar Alexander II; and my grandfather, a much-traveled linen importer, later became an expert on remote areas of China.

With their souvenirs and mementos about our house in Mount Vernon, New York, it was natural that I should be attracted to Asia. When I went to college, I concentrated on Asiatic studies at the Oriental Institute of the University of Chicago and later at Columbia University in New

York. By the time I enlisted in the Army in 1942, I knew about 500 words in Burmese, a rare accomplishment that I thought would prompt the Army to send me to Burma. But I was dispatched instead to the University of Michigan—to learn Japanese.

When the war ended, I was a Japanese language officer in General MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo, and for the next year or so, I managed to get in some valuable research in my spare time, while fulfilling special missions in China. Most of these missions involved acting as an observer in the Chinese civil war; but occasionally my official reason for being on the mainland was a bit more tenuous.

Once, for example, a group of officers in Tokyo bet a large sum of money that an American distance runner could not beat a Chinese ricksha boy in a mile race, and since I was the only intercollegiate miler in the headquarters (I had run the middle distances for Columbia and Michigan), I was detached on special duty to uphold the honor of the United States in a track-and-field meet in Shanghai. I managed to win the 800-meter and 1,500-meter events that day (principally because the ricksha boys started out like 100-yard-dash men and ran themselves out) and then I headed for the museum to look at prehistoric pottery.

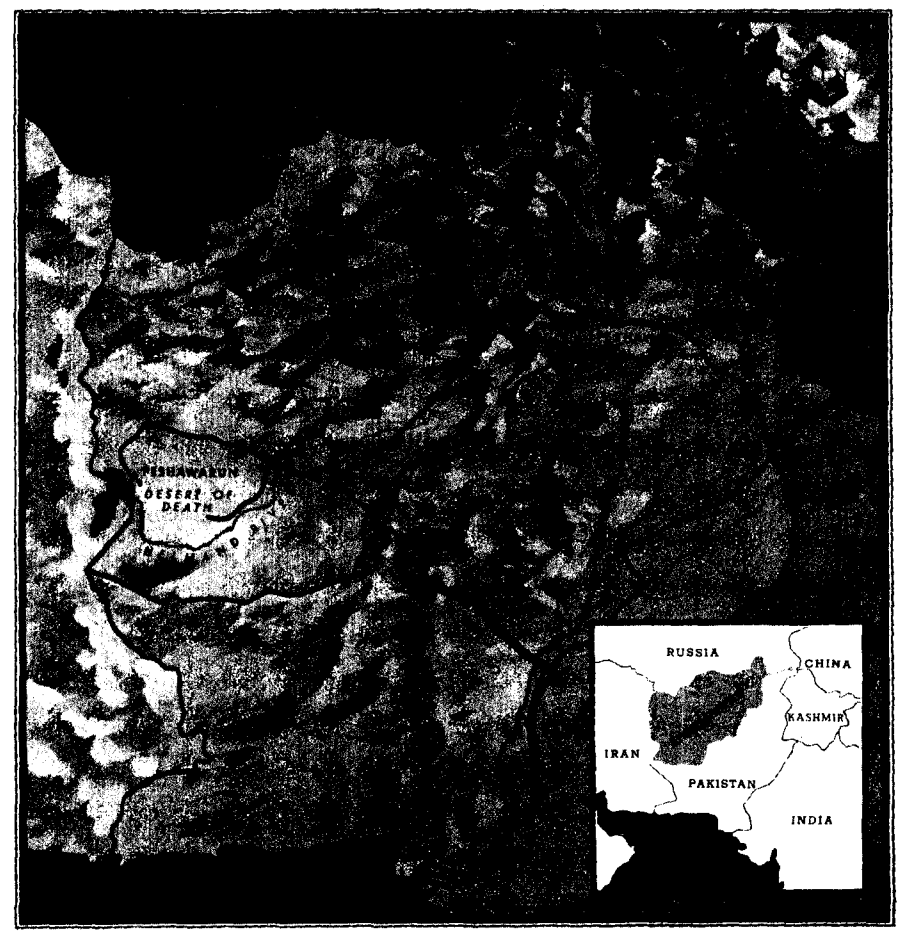
By the use of such stratagems, I was able to do useful work for American scientists in an area that had been closed to research for many years. One of these assignments came about when I wrote to one of my former professors at Columbia University, the eminent Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, head of the Department of Anthropology at the American Museum of Natural History, asking if there was anything I could do for him in the Far East. He replied that the Japanese had stolen from Java one of the few existing skulls of Solo man (one of the earliest known forms of human being) as a birthday present for the emperor in 1942. Dr. Shapiro asked me, as a long shot, to try to locate it.

After a bit of scientific detective work in China and Japan, I was fortunate enough to run down the Japanese scientist who had taken the skull from the Dutch in Java. He conducted me to the Emperor's Household Museum in Kyoto, and there I spotted the invaluable skull, still reposing in the gas-mask case in which it had been shipped to Japan some four years before. I wrapped the skull in a spare set of GI underwear and brought it back to the United States in my barracks bag when I came home in December, 1946. Dr. Shapiro sent it to its Dutch custodian, Dr. G.H.R. Von Koenigswald.

An Archaeologists' Paradise

In 1947, when Afghanistan suddenly opened up to Americans, I knew that this was the place where I wanted to do my major work. My postwar studies at Harvard and my research in China had convinced me that Central Asia was a focal point of the ancient and prehistoric worlds, and that many of man's great cultural developments—like the wheel and the use of iron—either originated in the Afghanistan-Baluchistan area or passed through it in transit from China and the Near East.

After the State Department announced that a limited number of Americans could travel in Afghanistan, I went to see Dr. Shapiro, the scientist for whom I had retrieved the Solo man skull.



AL TARTER

Black line shows route of preliminary trip, taken to see if country was worth archaeological research. Note two unsuccessful efforts to cross Desert of Death. Red line indicates start of the resultant expedition

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COLLIER'S

"Why, Caroline! *When* did you start wearing glasses?"

BANDEL LINN

Dr. Shapiro listened with interest to my proposal that I make a fast preliminary survey in Afghanistan to determine whether the country justified a major expedition. He put off his answer for a few days while he pondered the proposal. He has told me since that he was weighing several factors in trying to reach a decision: the fact that such an expedition would enable the American Museum to continue its pioneer archaeological role in Central Asia which began with the world-famed research of Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews in the Gobi Desert of northwestern China in the 1920s; his own fascination with the great gap in our knowledge of prehistoric man; and whether I might not be too youthful to entrust with the chore of attempting to solve that riddle.

Finally, he said: "Okay. I think I can get the museum to sponsor you—*if* you can raise the money."

I raised it—largely by the simple expedient of calling on wealthy people whose biographies in Who's Who indicated that they were interested in exploration.

Then began five months of negotiations with the Afghan Embassy in Washington. At last, permission came through, and on July 3, 1949, I left for India, with a jeep, a trailer and two companions—Henry Hart, of Minneapolis, a Yale student, and Louis Dupree, of Greenville, North Carolina, a Harvard archaeologist whom I had known when he was a paratrooper in the 11th Airborne Division. Although our purpose was merely to make a trail-breaking journey into Afghanistan—to see whether the country merited a full-scale expedition—it was to prove a trying, exhausting trip.

Some four weeks after our departure, we headed out of Karachi, India, for the Khyber Pass. Almost immediately, we nearly lost the jeep and all our equipment in floods caused by one of India's devastating monsoons. We made the Khyber Pass, however, and struggled over the faint trails that serve as roads in most of Afghanistan.

The country was everything I had expected—exotic and mysterious, with great towering mountains and murderous deserts. We followed mile-high routes where camel caravans plodded along exactly as they had the time of Christ, and we passed through mud-brick villages that had been undisturbed by time since the days of Alexander the Great. We rode alongside the Helmand River, one of the fertile cradles of civilization in ancient days, and then we made two attempts to cross the Dasht-i-Margo, the "Desert of Death."

This wilderness is well named. It is a vast flat area—mile after mile of gravel wastes, eroded boulders and peculiarly fused black pebbles—where there is no water and nothing can live. Here, we ran into the "120-day wind"—the same, blistering, 100-mile-an-hour blasts that some 50 years ago killed three British explorers in Jehannum, not far away. We bucked the wind for four exasperating days, during which we advanced a total of 38 miles.

Desolation in a Ghost City

Then we had to give up. Half dead, we struggled into the ruins of Peshawarun, a ghost city abandoned by its Mohammedan inhabitants when the area went dry in the sixteenth century. It seemed incredible to encounter such a city in the desert. The ruins continued for nearly six and a half miles, and there were the remains of palaces, mosques, market places and houses. In some places, the wall that had protected the city was in an amazing state of preservation. Everywhere there were signs of extensive irrigation, showing that the land had once been highly cultivated. Now, however, all was desolation.

We took shelter in the ruins of a palace, but even there the wind filled our sleeping bags like balloons and blew us off our cots. Two days later, when we had recovered our strength, we headed back to Pakistan as fast as we could go. The mission was a disaster—but we had seen what we wanted to see. For in the Seistan Basin (once fertile, now mostly desert) we had spotted hundreds of places littered with broken pottery, as well as other unmistakable evidence that ancient villages were buried in the region.

There was no question that the entire area was an archaeological gold mine!

I rushed back to the American Museum of Natural History with the news and with samples of prehistoric pottery, and in a few months the museum sanctioned the principal expedition. This time, top museum officials like F. Trubee Davison and the late A. Perry Osborn joined Dr. Shapiro in backing me before the trustees and in raising the money. They came up with $30,000 (half of it contributed by Collier's), and on June 15, 1950, we were off again—just five days after I got married.

My wife, Jan, a Skidmore graduate and

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an artist, came along to cook, wash socks, and to sketch ancient implements and the faces of the natives for study by anthropologists trying to unravel the mystery of their origin. She won her position automatically, by marrying me. The other jobs in the expedition were not so easy to fill.

In the first place, I needed young people who were strong enough to survive the rigors of the trip; also they had to be specialists in certain fields.

I received hundreds of applications, and after I weeded out the strong-back-no-science college football players and the theology students who somehow confused Afghanistan with the Holy Land, I rounded up an extremely able crew.

Convincing a Girl's Parents

Dupree came along again, with his recent bride, Ann (who assisted Jan in "keeping house" for the expedition). At Columbia University, I found a talented, twenty-three-year-old, Hunter College graduate, Rose Lilien, of New York City, who was doing fine work cataloguing ancient pottery found in the Viru Valley of Peru for the noted archaeologist Dr. William Duncan Strong of Boston. It took lots of talking to convince the parents of an attractive young girl to let her go tramping around in one of the most dangerous and remote areas of the world, but science finally won out—and Rose signed on.

Next I got Howard W. Stoudt, of Philadelphia, a real Bill Mauldin-type infantryman, a tough ex-sergeant who had gone through all the campaigns in North Africa and Italy with the 45th Infantry Division. After the war, Stoudt had gone back to Harvard to finish his schooling, and he was recommended to me by the University of Pennsylvania, where he was doing graduate work in Asiatic archaeology.

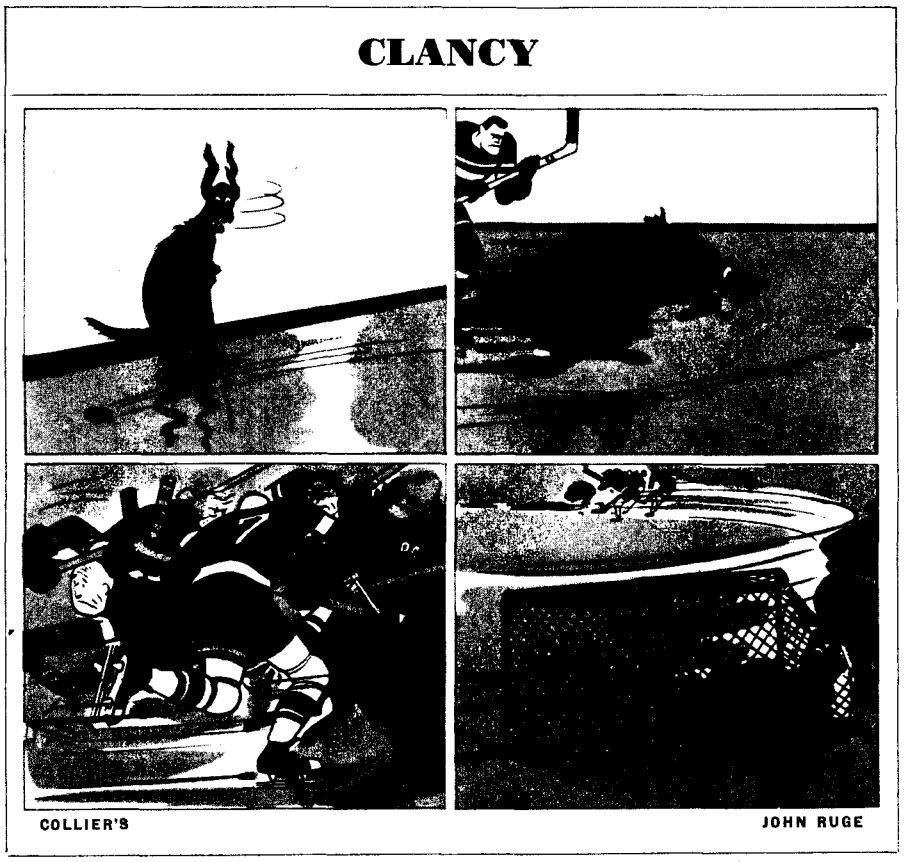
From Harvard I got John Zeigler, of Buffalo, New York, a geologist, and George Maranjian, of Brookline, Massachusetts, a physical anthropologist—both in their early twenties—and then I signed up my friend George McLellan, of Nantucket, Massachusetts, who came along as expediter, mechanic, cook, pastry maker and collector of animals for the museum. McLellan was a combat sergeant in the 1st and 4th Marine Divisions during the war, fighting his way through Guadalcanal, Eniwetok, Guam and Iwo Jima. Before that, he had been an all-state football end in high school and a basketball player at Boston University. He had worked as a ditch-digger, doughnut maker, steel puddler, garageman, theater stage manager, and manual arts teacher at New York's swank Buckley School.

McLellan proved invaluable on the expedition. He could fix anything that went wrong, and he was like a cat: on several occasions, he climbed out of deep wells hand over hand, after being stranded as much as 65 feet down by broken cable winches. In addition, he had the amazing knack of making natives understand him though he knew not a word of their language.

George was one of the deadliest shots I ever saw. Once, when we were near the dangerous Russian frontier of Afghanistan, he spotted an Asiatic ground hog popping up out of a hole. We were crawling along in our truck in a blinding sandstorm and I could hardly see for the sand in my eyes, but McLellan whipped out his Winchester rifle and took a shot at the animal, hoping to bag him for his museum collection. He missed. And then he got angry. "I'll not only get the next one," he announced, "but I'll skin him."

Like Babe Ruth in the 1932 World Series, McLellan called his shot. The next time he fired, his bullet hit a ground hog in the throat and literally slit the skin down the animal's stomach, all the way to the tail! McLellan merely had to turn the ground hog inside out to get the pelt intact.

Fully aware of McLellan's skills, I was delighted when, in March, 1950, he wrote me in New York that he would be delighted to join our staff. That meant that at last I had the American nucleus of the expedition signed up.



Next we turned our attention to the question of clothing and equipment. There was nothing extraordinary about the clothes we took along. We carried blue jeans and the usual camping outfits, but after we reached Asia it turned out that we all wore GI suntan pants and shirts almost exclusively, augmented in the winter by long GI underwear and several layers of flannel shirts. When it really got cold, we topped all this with the Pushtin, an ankle-length Afghan coat (costing $1) made out of smelly untanned goatskin, with the hair left inside.

When they were garbed thusly, it was impossible to identify delicate recent graduates of such female institutions as Skidmore College, and most of the time the natives thought the girls were men. Their man-style hats and usually dirty faces helped enhance this impression. Often, when my wife Jan wanted to sketch Moslem women they fled from her in terror, wrapping their veils tightly around their faces. "I had to scream at them," she says, "in the most soprano, most feminine voice I could muster."

Equipment Filled Ship's Hold

Unlike our simple clothing, our equipment was excellent and varied, based on the experience of my disastrous survey trip; and there was enough of it to fill the entire hold of the ship that took the expedition to Karachi. To supplement the jeep, I bought two powerful Dodge trucks, with winches and 15 gearshifts—rugged farm vehicles that are related to the Army's weapons carrier. We also had a truck trailer; a wind generator to recharge our batteries; a gasoline generator to provide us with electric lights; a gas-operated pneumatic hammer for digging; nine tents, including three of the Army's latest nylon mountain tents; several varieties of stoves; 19 cases of canned goods; bales of bags for collecting specimens; reams of maps; and a trunkload of reference books.

In addition, there was case after case of medical supplies contributed by leading drug firms. We had three miles of bandages, the latest experimental malaria cures, toothache preparations, cures for amoebic dysentery and worms, complete surgical equipment for performing emergency operations in the field, and boxes of penicillin, sulfa drugs and the then-new terramycin.

It didn't take me long to find out how valuable the medical equipment was.

The expedition left New York by ship on July 15, 1950. Jan and I had flown to England a month earlier to consult with British scientists, and we took a plane to Cairo to join the others aboard ship at Alexandria, on August 1st. A few days later, Ann Dupree came down with a raging 104-degree fever that didn't recede for 16 hours. We didn't know what was wrong, and there was no doctor aboard the little freighter. I was overcome with anxiety, because I knew that after a few more hours of the consuming fever, Ann would be so weakened as to be prey to a dozen other tropical diseases—any one of which could kill her.

Finally, at two o'clock one morning, Dupree knocked on my cabin door. "She's worse," he said. I sped to McLellan's cabin.

"Come on," I said, "we have a new drug in the hold called terramycin. I don't know what it's going to do but it's nontoxic and it's supposed to work wonders in all sorts of strange diseases." So at 2:15 A.M., McLellan and I descended into the steaming hold of the ship with flashlights, looking for our equipment. We climbed over crates and packing cases, and finally McLellan, who had the sight as well as the agility of a cat, spied the terramycin in a crate buried under a tangle of mess kits, canteens and snake-catching apparatus.

We broke the crate open and rushed the terramycin up to Ann Dupree's cabin. It truly worked like a miracle. She improved almost immediately; in a few minutes she was asleep, and the next day her temperature had dropped to normal. She was weak and sick for a few days, but we had weathered our first crisis.

After we landed at Karachi, our bad luck changed—for the time being, at least—because there we made four excellent additions to the expedition. We were fortunate enough to obtain the services of two crack British archaeologists, Leslie Alcock and his wife; Lawrence D. Kelsey, a six-foot three-inch radio operator who had been with the 1947 Ronne antarctic expedition, and had worked for a time for Morrison-Knudsen; and finally a remarkable Pakistani scientist named Sadurdin Khan, who had worked with nearly every major expedition in the subcontinent of India over the past 20 years.

There are dozens of incredible stories about Sadurdin's exploits, but the most graphic involves the famous Hindu archaeologist, N. G. Majumdar, with whom Sadurdin was working in the northern part of India's province of Sind in 1938.

The Majumdar party was excavating in the field, when early one morning shots rang out. Bullets ripped through the tent, killing Majumdar instantly. Three other scientists fell wounded.

Sadurdin, the only Moslem in the party, ran out and saw that the camp was being ambushed by a band of turbaned Moslem bandits—in an area where hatred of the Hindus is almost a disease. Thinking with split-second precision, Sadurdin raised his hands and shouted, "My brothers, do not shoot. We are your brothers. We are all followers of Mohammed." The shooting stopped and Sadurdin whispered to the Hindu scientists, "For the love of God, do as I say. One slip means death."

When the bandits entered the camp, they found Sadurdin conducting a reading of the Koran, with the Hindu scientists repeating sections after him. Sadurdin nodded and introduced each of the Hindus by Moslem names, saying, "Here is my friend Achmed. Here is my friend Ali," and so on. The bandits, satisfied that there were no Hindus present, merely looted the camp and went away, sparing their "brothers" from the horrible death that so often characterizes religious disputes in the East.

Another Crisis Develops

This, then, was the caliber of the man we added to the expedition in Karachi, but his acquisition was the last good fortune we were to enjoy for some time. For it didn't take long for crisis number two to pop up. After a few days in Karachi, we began the 500-mile drive over good military roads, through the sand and the 116-degree heat of the Sibi Desert, one of the hottest places in the world, to the garrison town of Quetta in the Pakistani province of Baluchistan, just south of the Afghan border. This was to be our headquarters for a while, and we had just settled down in the old British army barracks turned over to us by the Pakistan government, when Jan came running in, her face pale.

"It's Rose Lilien!" she cried. "The local mission nurse, Mrs. North, says it's acute appendicitis and that she'll have to be operated on right away." At this, I panicked, wondering how I was going to manage a major operation.

But before it developed into a problem, Rose was efficiently whisked away to the British mission hospital set up in Quetta by the eminent British physician, Sir Harry Holland, to provide medical care for the natives. While Dr. Holland's surgeon son, Ronald, removed the appendix in the pathetically equipped little operating room, I paced up and down outside. Finally, the operation was over, and Rose was carried a quarter of a mile to a room in the nurses' quarters—where she awakened to find herself being stared at by the doctors' dogs, cats and children.

Rose was all right, but I spent the next few weeks in a mood of growing depression. Then I suffered a recurrence of the malaria I had contracted in China during the war. Usually, when I have malaria, I spout Shakespeare or Japanese verse, but this time Jan had to tackle me, at the height of my fever, because I left my bed and started to walk up the mountains, to roll in the snow.

On this occasion, I had worse dreams than ever before.

In my delirium, I saw all the horrible Oriental gods I had ever studied—all conspiring to prevent us from uncovering the secrets of Central Asia's past.

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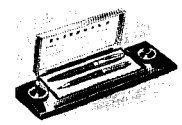

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More Stately Mansions

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

The telephone rang, and I answered it. It was Grace McClellan. "Yes, Grace?"

"You're in the office-furniture business, aren't you?"

"That's right."

"Do you ever get old filing cabinets in trade?"

"Yes. I don't like to, but sometimes I have to take them."

"Could you let me have one?"

I thought a minute. I had an old wooden wreck I was about to haul to the dump. I told her about it.

"Oh, that'll be divine! There's an article in last month's *Better House* about what to do with old filing cabinets. You can make them just darling by wallpapering them, then putting a coat of clear shellac over the paper. Can't you just see it?"

"Yep. It's darling, all right. I'll bring it out tomorrow night."

"That's awfully nice of you. I wonder if you and Anne couldn't drop in for a drink then."

I accepted and hung up. "Well, the time has come," I said. "Marie Antoinette has finally invited us to have a look at Versailles."

"I'm afraid," Anne said. "It's going to make our home look so sad."

"There's more to life than decorating."

"I know, I know. I just wish you'd stay home in the daytime and keep telling me that while she's here."

The next evening, I drove the pickup truck home instead of my car, so I could deliver the old filing cabinet to Grace. Anne was already inside the McClellan house, and George came out to give me a hand.

The cabinet was an old-fashioned oak monster, and, with all the sweating and grunting, I didn't really pay much attention to the house until we'd put down our burden in the front hall.

THE first thing I noticed was that there were already two dilapidated filing cabinets in the hall, ungraced by wallpaper or clear shellac. I looked into the living room, where Anne sat on the couch with a queer smile on her face. The couch springs had burst through the bottom and were resting nakedly on the floor. The chief illumination came from a single light bulb in a cobwebbed chandelier with sockets for six. An electric extension cord, patched with friction tape, hung from another of the sockets and led to an iron on an ironing board in the middle of the living room.

A small throw rug, the type generally seen in bathrooms, was the only floor covering, and the planks of the floor were scarred and dull from long neglect. Dust and cobwebs were everywhere, and the windows were dirty. The only sign of order or opulence was on the coffee table, where dozens of fat, slick decoration magazines were laid out fan-fashion.

George was nervous and more taciturn than usual, and I gathered that he was uneasy about having us in. After mixing us drinks, he sat down and maintained a fidgeting silence.

Not so with Grace. She was at a high pitch of excitement, and, seemingly, full of irrepressible pride. Sitting, rising, and sitting again a dozen times a minute, she did a sort of ballet about the room, describing exactly the way she was going to do the room over. She rubbed imaginary fabrics between her fingers, stretched out luxuriantly in a wicker chair that would one day be a plum-colored chaise longue, held her hands as far apart as she could reach to indicate the span of a limed-oak television-radio-phonograph console that was to stand against one wall.

She clapped her hands and closed her eyes. "Can you see it? Can you *see* it?"

"Simply lovely," said Anne.

"And every night, just as George is coming up the walk, I'll have Martinis ready in a frosty pewter pitcher, and I'll have a record playing on the phonograph." Grace knelt before the thin air where the console would be, selected a record from nothingness, put it on the imaginary turntable, pressed a nonexistent button, and retired to the wicker chair. To my dismay, she began to rock her head back and forth in time to the phantom music.

After a minute of this, George seemed disturbed, too. "Grace! You're going to sleep." He tried to make his tone light, but real concern showed through.

Grace shook her head and opened her eyes lazily. "I wasn't sleeping; I was listening."

"It will certainly be a charming room," Anne said, looking worriedly at me.

Grace was suddenly on her feet again, charged with new energy. "And the dining room!" Impatiently, she picked up a magazine and thumbed through it. "Now, wait, where is it, where is it? No, not that one." She let the magazine drop. "Oh, of course, I clipped it last night and put it in the files. Remember, George? The dining-room table with the glass top and the place for potted flowers underneath?"

"Uh-huh."

"*That's* what goes in the dining room," Grace said happily. "See? You look right through the table, and there, underneath, are geraniums, African violets or anything you want to put there. Fun?" She hurried to the filing cabinets. "You've got to see it in color, really."

Anne and I followed her politely, and waited while she ran her finger along the dividers in the drawers. The drawers, I saw, were jammed with cloth and wallpaper samples, paint color cards, and pages taken from magazines. She had already filled two cabinets, and was ready to overflow into the third, the one I'd brought. The drawers were labeled, simply, "Living room," "Kitchen," "Dining room," and so on.

"Quite a filing system," I said to George, who was just brushing by with a fresh drink in his hand.

He looked at me closely, as though he was trying to make up his mind whether I was kidding him or not. "It is," he said at last. "There's even a section about the workshop she wants me to have in the basement." He sighed. "Someday."

Grace held up a little square of transparent blue plastic. "And this is the material for the kitchen curtains, over the sink and automatic dishwasher. Waterproof, and it wipes clean."

"It's darling," Anne said. "You have an automatic dishwasher?"

"Mmmmm?" Grace said, smiling at some distant horizon. "Oh—dishwasher? No, but I know exactly the one we want. We've made up our minds on that, haven't we, George?"

"Yes, dear."

"And someday . . ." said Grace happily, running her fingers affectionately over the contents of a file drawer.

"Someday . . ." said George.

AS I say, two years have passed since then, since we first met the McClellans. Anne, with compassion and tenderness, invented harmless ways of keeping Grace from spending all her time at our house with her magazines. But we formed a neighborly habit of having a drink with the McClellans once or twice a month.

I liked George, and he grew friendly and talkative when he'd made sure we weren't going to bait his wife about interior decorating, as, we learned, almost everyone else in the neighborhood was fond of doing. He adored Grace, and made light of her preoccupation, as he had done at our first meeting, only when he *didn't* know the people before whom she was performing. Among friends, he did nothing to discourage or disparage her dreaming.

Anne bore the brunt of Grace's one-track conversations as sort of a Christmas service, listening with tact and patience. George and I ignored them, and had a pleasant enough time talking about everything but interior decoration.

In these talks it came out bit by bit that George had been in a bad financial jam for years, and that things refused to get better. The "someday" that Grace had been planning for for five years, George said, seemed to recede another month as each new home magazine appeared on the newsstands. It was this, I decided, not Grace, that kept him drinking more than his share.

And the filing cabinets got fuller and fuller, and the McClellan house got dowdier and dowdier. But not once did Grace's excitement about what their house was going to be like flag. If anything, it increased, and time and again we would have to follow her about the house to hear just how it was all going to be.

And then a fairly sad thing and an awfully nice thing happened to the McClellans. The sad thing was that Grace came down with a virus infection that kept her in the hospital two months. The nice thing was that George inherited a little money from a relative he'd never met.

While Grace was in the hospital, George often had supper with us; and the day he received his legacy, his taciturnity dropped away completely. To our surprise, *he* now talked interior decoration with fervor and to the exclusion of everything else.

"You've got the bug too, now," Anne said, laughing.

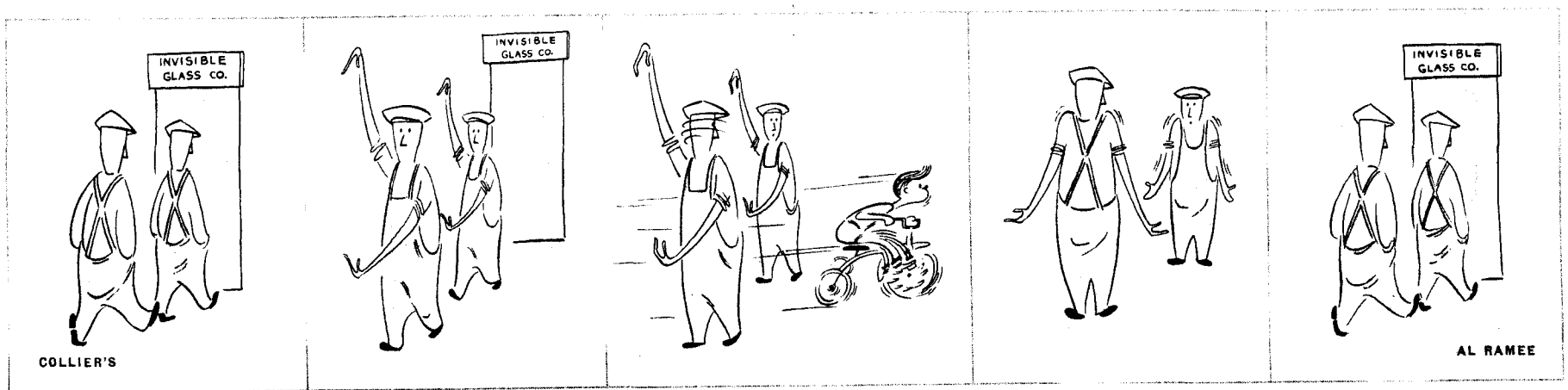
"Bug, hell! I've got the money! I'm going to surprise Grace by having that house just the way she wants it, when she comes home."

KENNESAW

COLLIER'S

"Our kitchen sure looks clean and white on account of last night's snow"

REAMER KELLER



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"Exactly, George?"

"Eggs-zactly!"

And Anne and I were willingly drafted to help him. We went through Grace's files and found detailed specifications for every room, right down to book ends and soap dishes. The clippings and samples had been accumulated for more than five years, so we went by the most recent. It was a tough job tracking down every item, but George was indefatigable, and so was Anne, and price was no object.

Time was everything, money was nothing. Electricians, plasterers, masons and carpenters worked around the clock for bonus wages; and Anne, for no pay at all, harassed department stores into hurrying with the houseful of furniture she'd ordered.

Two days before Grace was to come home, the inheritance was gone, and the house was magnificent. George was unquestionably the happiest, proudest man on earth. The job was flawless, save for one tiny detail not worth mentioning. Anne had failed to match exactly the yellow square of cloth Grace had wanted for her living-room curtains and the cover for the couch. The shade Anne had had to settle for was just a little bit lighter. George and I couldn't see the difference at all.

And then Grace came home, cheerful but weak, leaning on George's arm. It was late in the afternoon, and Anne and I were waiting in the living room, literally trembling with excitement. As George helped Grace up the walk, Anne fussed nervously with a bouquet of red roses she had brought and placed in a massive glass vase in the center of the coffee table.

We heard George's hand on the latch, the door swung open, and the McClellans stood on the threshold of their dream house.

"Oh, George," Grace murmured. She let go of his arm, and, as though miraculously drawing strength from her surroundings, she walked from room to room, looking all about her as we had seen her do a thousand times. But this time of times she was speechless.

She returned at last to the living room, and sank onto the plum-colored chaise longue.

George turned down the volume of the phonograph to a sweet whisper. "Well?"

Grace sighed. "Don't rush me," she said. "I'm trying to find the words, the exact words."

"You like it?" George asked.

Grace looked at him and laughed incredulously. "Oh, George, George, of course I like it! You darling, it's wonderful! I'm home, home at last." Her lip trembled, and we all began to cloud up.

"Nothing wrong?" George asked huskily.

"You've taken wonderful care of it. Everything's so clean and beautiful."

"Well, it'd sure be a surprise if things *weren't* clean," George said. He clapped his hands together. "Now then, you well enough for a drink?"

"I'm not dead."

"Leave us out, George," I said. "We're leaving. We just had to see her expression when she walked in, but now we'll clear out."

"Oh, say now—" George said.

"No. I mean it. We're going. You two ought to be alone—you *three,* including the house."

"Stay right where you are," George said. He hurried into the dazzling white kitchen to mix the drinks.

"All right, so we'll sneak out," Anne said. We started for the front door. "Don't get up, Grace."

"Well, if you really won't stay, good-by," Grace said from the chaise longue. "I hardly know how to thank you."

"It was the most fun I've had in years," said Anne. She looked proudly around the room, and went over to the coffee table to rearrange the roses slightly. "The only thing that worried me was the color of the slip cover and curtains. Are they all right?"

"Why, Anne, did you notice them too? I wasn't even going to mention them. It would certainly be silly to let a little thing like that spoil my homecoming." She frowned a little.

Anne was crestfallen. "Oh dear, I hope they didn't spoil it."

"No, no, of course they didn't," Grace said. "I don't quite understand it, but it doesn't matter a bit."

"Well, I can explain," Anne said.

"Something in the air, I suppose."

"In the air?" Anne said.

"Well, how else can you explain it? That material held its color just perfectly for years, and then, poof, it fades like this in a few weeks."

George walked in with a frosty pewter pitcher. "Now, you'll stay for a quick one, won't you?"

Anne and I took glasses hungrily, gratefully, wordlessly.

"There's a new *Home Beautiful* that came today, sweetheart," George said.

Grace shrugged. "Read one and you've read them all." She lifted her glass. "Happy days, and thanks, darlings, so much for the roses." THE END

The Carol That Never Was Sung

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

centuries had gone by with the Last Carol still not sung, they brought the situation to the Throne Room. There they explained, more in sorrow than in anger, about the Carol that was always late, and so had never helped to celebrate the Child's birthday, and they asked what ought to be done with the Carol.

There was a long silence and then, at a sign, they left, and the Last Carol was summoned. The Last Carol was ashamed and frightened, and hung its head as it stood in the Throne Room, and explained, with no more vagueness, why it had always been late.

Each year there had been something different, it admitted sheepishly. Sometimes it had been a man in a dungeon, or people waiting to be cast into the arena, or burned at the stake. Sometimes it had been men at war, lonely and discouraged and longing for peace.

Often it had been men and women whose spirits had fallen low in the face of great obstacles, whose faith in love was almost extinguished, and who could not join in the rejoicing over the Child's birthday because it had seemed to them the Child had been born in vain.

Always, explained the Carol simply, it had seemed important to stop with these for a while, and somehow it had always meant being late. But next year—began the Carol. But the Voice from Throne interrupted.

"Next year," said the Voice, "you will do as you have done. Next year and," said the Voice with mingled sweetness and sorrow, "for many years to come. For you are the Carol that must be voiceless until all men sing together in a mighty chorus that covers the earth. Only in the hearts of men who have seen the vision," said the Voice, "can you honor the Child, until all men love each other as He loved them."

"Then," said the Carol wistfully, "must I be silent forever?"

"Not so," said the Voice, and the full choir of angels had never sounded so richly majestic. "They flee from it, in fear and greed, but with their fear there is shame, and through their greed shines love. One day they will cast out their fear and let love lead them into the rich habitation I have prepared for them. Then," said the Voice, "all men will join in singing the sweetest carol of all—the song of universal brotherhood." THE END

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The Gift of the Magi

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she fluttered out the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: "Mme. Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds." One flight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the "Sofronie."

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practiced hand.

"Give it to me quick," said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum watch-chain, simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation—as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value—the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the eighty-seven cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

WHEN Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling-irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task, dear friends—a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do—oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

At seven o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove, hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the watch chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two—and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stepped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again—you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice—what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet even after the hardest mental labor.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you—sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed to quickly wake. He enfolded his Della, drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going awhile at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs—the set of combs that Della had worshiped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise shell, with jeweled rims—just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to flash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled. "Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em awhile. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on." THE END

NEXT WEEK in *Collier's*

The Two Margarets I Know

By ELSA MAXWELL

The famed party giver compares Margaret Truman and Princess Margaret Rose. It's a close-up glimpse of two of the world's best-known, most vivacious girls

How to Stop Those Basketball Scandals

By YALE COACH HOWARD HOBSON

A respected authority with great influence sizes up the future of our most popular spectator sport and offers specific recommendations to eliminate abuses

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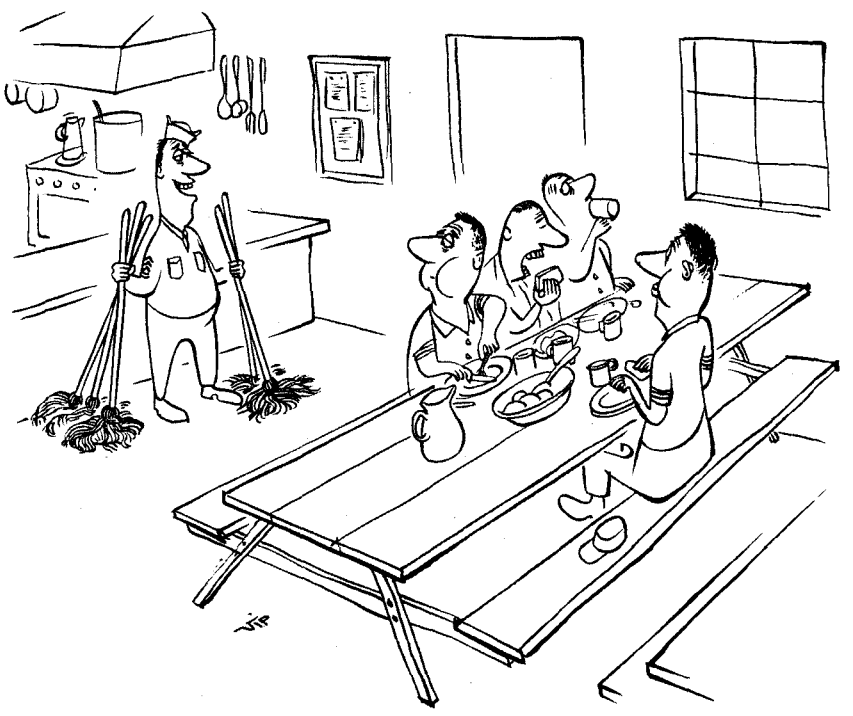
VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Ready for the floor show, fellows?" VIRGIL PARTCH

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

the age of eight months . . . And having nothing else to do for a moment, the French National Institute of Statistics has notified our Department of Commerce that if everybody in the world decided to go to the movies at one time, 1,950,000,000 wouldn't be able to get in, because there are only 49,000,000 seats in all the world's movie theaters. Commerce Department hasn't decided what to do about this . . . In Danbury, Connecticut, there's a store with an awning on which is advertised Four Floors of Fine Furniture. Building has only three floors . . . The Reverend Joseph F. Carroll, chairman of the physics department, Marquette University, Milwaukee, looked at his seismograph and shuddered. It told him that there had been a terrific earthquake, and not far away, during the night. Prolonged and anxious inquiries revealed no earthquakes. Father Carroll looked again. Immediately felt better. Mouse.

★ ★ ★

Maybe we'd better not be too specific about this, but there's a county courthouse in Georgia in which there is one window that's never shut. In fact, the janitor has nailed it open. We asked the janitor how come. "That's the judge's room," he explained. "Gotta have something to spit out of while he's thinking. Whilst he's deliberating heavy, he's inclined to get powerful absent-minded."

★ ★ ★

Our enthusiasm for the Atomic Energy Commission continues to grow. Tom Hamilton, Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan in South Carolina, has protested that the AEC refuses to hire Kluxers on its huge Savannah River H-bomb project. The AEC admits he's right—about that, anyway.

★ ★ ★

In Kansas City, Missouri, recently, we worked up quite a hunger and dropped in at Cook's Restaurant. Couldn't make up our mind until we got toward the end of the menu. There we read: "Potluck Dinner. Might be Soup, Fruit Juice or a Cocktail. Entree could be Chicken or the chef may send you Beef or Sea Food. Sometimes it's Steak and yet it might be Ham and Eggs. Some kind of Vegetable and a Salad." So we told the waiter to potluck us and bet the guy at the next table we'd get chicken. He bet on ham and eggs. Both lost. Lamb. And very good, too.

★ ★ ★

Just been looking over USSR, the bimonthly publication of the Russian Embassy in Washington. Eighteen articles and apparently 18 editors—one for each article. Not too coincidentally, we feel, all are agreed that compared with life in Russia, heaven is a mere waiting room—and none too comfortable at that. There's a piece about the city of Leningrad, with particular emphasis on the main stem—Nevsky Prospect. About a hundred years ago, the article tells us, Nikolay Vasilevich Gogol, the Russian satirist, wrote that it was to the Nevsky Prospect that "fashionable people came to display their splendid mustaches, uniforms, smart clothes, thin waists and lovely feet." Now, USSR tells us, that's all changed. Everybody's fashionable. All Stalin's chillun got smart clothes, dashing uniforms, slim waists and incredibly beautiful feet. But about those mustaches—well, they all concede that there is but one splendid mustache in Russia and that's on the lip of the boss man. His name? Listen to these fashionable, well-fed, deliriously happy throngs sauntering hither and yon on the Nevsky Prospect. We are informed that as they walk beneath the trees (which absolutely refused to grow before the revolution) they all chant, "Stalin, Stalin, great great Stalin."

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours in Chicago reports that the fiftieth anniversary of the Agriculture Department's Bureau of Plant Industry, Soils and Agricultural Engineering was observed without unpleasant incident. However, he tells us he informed bureau officials that the name of the agency was much too long and should be shortened. The man in charge told him that this had already been done—decades ago. Used to be known as "The Associated Divisions of Vegetable Physiology and Pathology, Gardens and Grounds, Pomology, Agrostology and Botany, Seed and Plant Introduction, and Congressional Seed Distribution."

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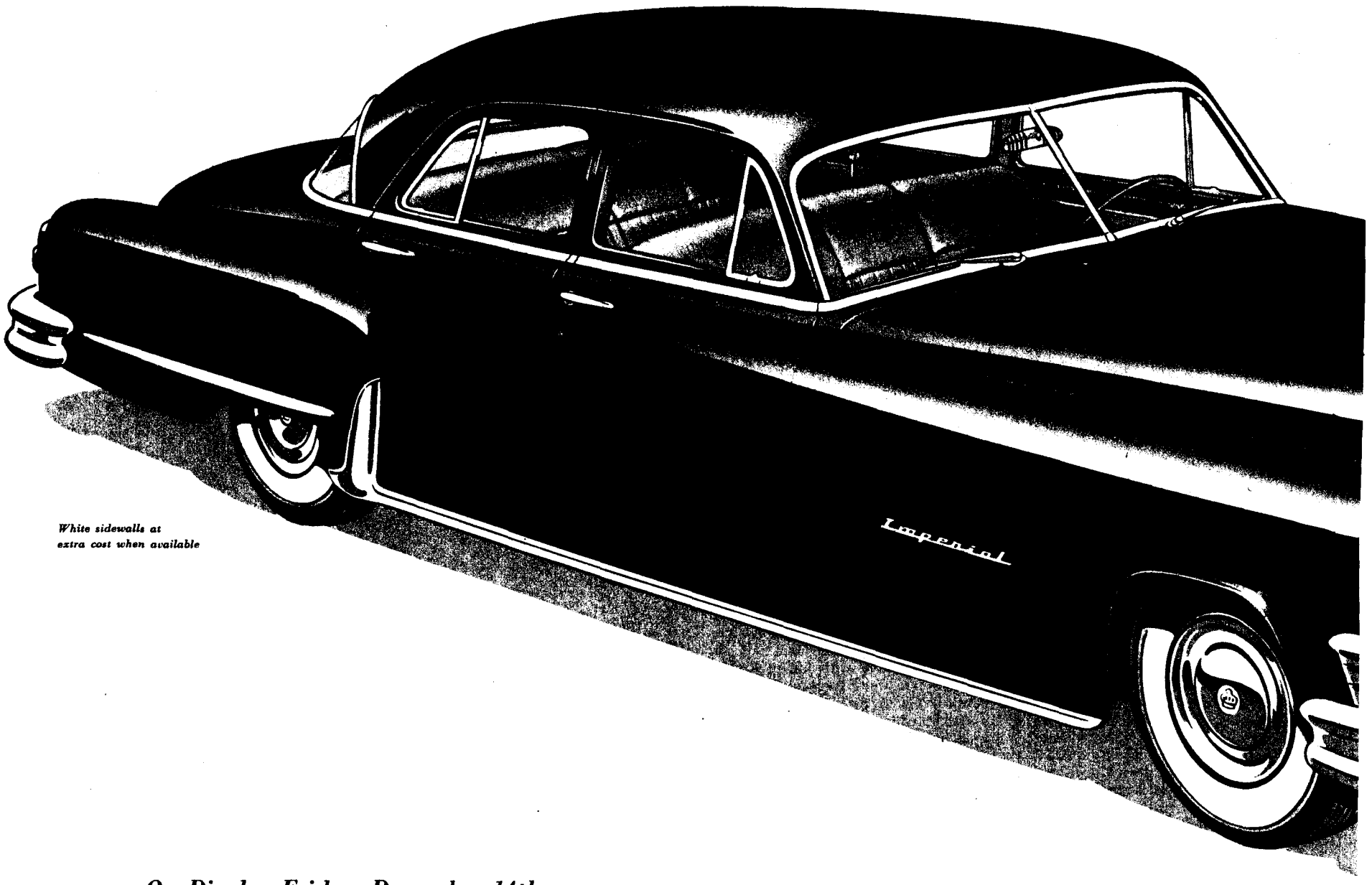

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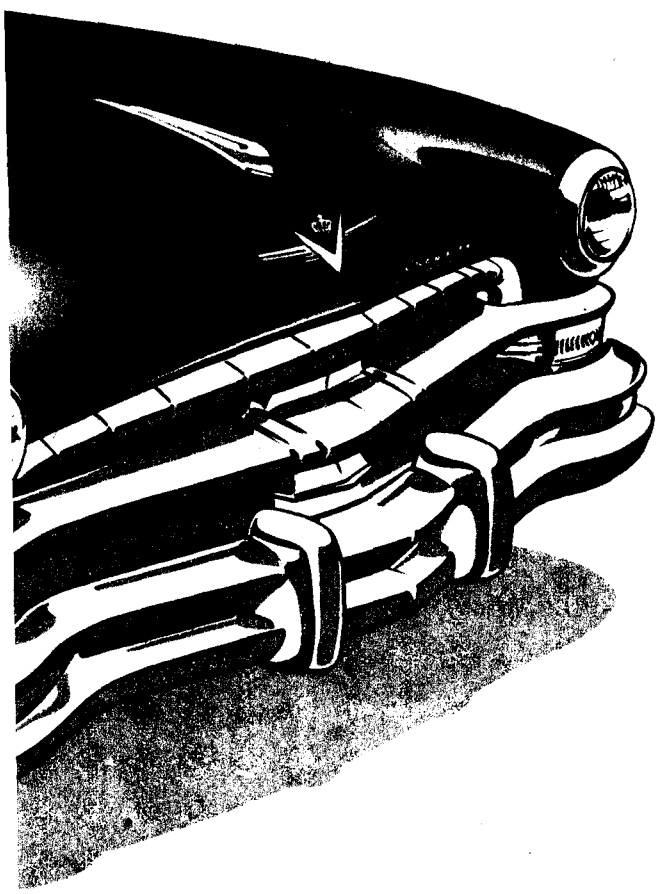

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Three Stockings

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

but he arranged them in a neat pattern on the eiderdown and looked at them for a long time in complete silence. Then he picked up one of them—a big glass marble with colored squirls inside—and put it by itself a little way off. After that he played with the other toys appreciatively enough; but from time to time his eyes would stray toward the glass marble, as though to make sure it was still waiting for him.

Mrs. Miniver watched him with a mixture of delight and misgiving. It was her own favorite approach to life: but the trouble was that sometimes the marble rolled away. Judy's was safer; Vin's, on the whole, the wisest of the three.

To the banque. of real presents which was waiting downstairs, covered with a red and white dust-sheet, the stocking-toys. of course, were only an *apéritif;* but they had a special and exciting quality of their own. Perhaps it was the atmosphere in which they were opened—the chill, the black windowpanes, the unfamiliar hour; perhaps it was the powerful charm of the miniature, of toy toys, of smallness squared; perhaps it was the sense of limitation within a strict form, which gives to both the filler and the emptier of a Christmas stocking something of the same enjoyment which is experienced by the writer and the reader of a sonnet; or perhaps it was merely that the spell of the old legend still persisted, even though for everybody in the room except Toby the legend itself was outworn.

There were cross-currents of pleasure, too: smiling glances exchanged by her and Vin about the two younger children (she remembered suddenly, having been an eldest child, the unsurpassable sense of grandeur that such glances gave one); and by her and Clem, because they were both grown-ups; and by her and Judy, because they were both women; and by her and Toby, because they were both the kind that leaves the glass marble till the end. The room was laced with an invisible network of affectionate understanding.

This was one of the moments, thought Mrs. Miniver, which paid off at a single stroke all the accumulations on the debit side of parenthood: the morning sickness and the quite astonishing pain; the pram in the passage, the cold mulish glint in the cook's eye; the holiday nurse who had been in the best families; the pungent white mice, the shrivelled caterpillars; the plasticine on the door-handles, the face-flannels in the bathroom, the nameless horrors down the crevices of armchairs; the alarms and emergencies, the swallowed button, the inexplicable earache, the ominous rash appearing on the eve of a journey; the school bills and the dentists' bills; the shortened step, the tempered pace, the emotional compromises, the divided loyalties, the adventures continually foresworn.

And now Vin was eating his tangerine, pig by pig; Judy had undressed the baby and was putting on its frock again back to front; Toby was turning the glass marble round and round against the light, trying to count the squirls. There were sounds of movement in the house; they were within measurable distance of the blessed chink of early morning tea.

Mrs. Miniver looked toward the window. The dark sky had already paled a little in its frame of cherry-pink chintz. Eternity framed in domesticity. Never mind. One had to frame it in something, to see it at all.

THE END

COLLIER'S "Italy and France were all right, but I liked the idea of being able to talk in England" JARO FABRY

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The Flood Lands Fight Back

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

with that stuff. It's dead soil. You can't replace the land. You've just got to win it back."

That's what men along the Kaw (officially, the Kansas River) and elsewhere in the flood lands have set out to do. They are working to win back the land—and there'll be no defeat because of them. That's what thirty-five-year-old John Vogel, a college man in striped overalls, is doing on his once-fine farm of 310 acres a couple of miles east of the seat of the University of Kansas, at Lawrence, which suffered a heavy loss itself. The Vogel farm is smack against a row of cottonwood trees on the Kaw's banks and they'll tell you everywhere in Grant Township that "there's not a better-run farm in the whole county." He also operates another farm of 180 acres half a mile down the river.

John Vogel—actually John Henry Vogel, Jr., a third generation Kansan—is one of the farmers in the township who could have said to hell with farming after the flood, according to a neighbor. (Mr. Vogel is fairly well-to-do.) "I would have been tempted," the neighbor said, "if I could have run a nice, quiet hardware store in a nice dry town." As we walked over his sand- and silt-covered land, some of it three feet deep in the dead soil, I asked John Vogel if he had considered giving up farming.

"No," he said, rather puzzled by such a question, "I never thought of it."

A Farmer of High Courage

Few farmers in the flood area took a greater loss or, put another way, a greater blow to the spirit than John Vogel. Like many fellow Kansans, he has known both dust storm and flood—too little water or too much. He has seen the fertile soil of the plains devastated before. He has fought pestilence that almost beat him to the ground, and he has worked in scorching heat and numbing cold. For all of this, he has had his good years and the good feeling, which only a farmer can know, of harvest just before the dark clouds in the northwest bring snow to cover the winter wheat. Life on a farm seems so very close to the Master of nature.

John Vogel won't go away from this, though he is well equipped by education and ability to prosper in another, safer business. Nor will the neighbor who spoke of the hardware store. George Butell, the busy Douglas County chairman of the Production and Marketing Administration, Department of Agriculture, who keeps in close touch with farmers in the area, said he had not heard of a single instance where a farmer was moving off the land because of the flood. Some of them lost everything, literally everything, and the cottonwoods threaten to turn their silted and sandy soil back to forests. Cottonwood trees spread rapidly and they take hold in the poorest land. They are shoots now but in a couple of years, unless they are plowed under, they will be shoulder-high. The cottonwoods already cover thousands of acres.

Nevertheless, as Mr. Butell said, "the men are sticking to the land."

To the outsider, it is understandable that men stay in jobs they know and that they do not easily give up their homes. But questions arise: Why do they sweat and borrow to restore the land when there is the always present danger of another great flood? What of the possibility that even dust storms may come again in the dry years ahead? What protection—there certainly has been little in the past—has a man got for his fields and his home in the future?

Faith, of course, is part of the answer. Beyond this, the farmers who do "plenty of thinking" are sure that the nation, faced with the chance of another World War with hungry peoples to feed, cannot continue to neglect its most valuable natural resource—the land. They believe, out in the flood lands, that this time something, something effective, will be done to safeguard the land whose fertility has been compared with that of the valley of the Nile, richest anywhere.

First, they say, fix responsibility for flood control. (Emil Heck, a community leader and prosperous farmer, told me: "If I wanted to blame anyone for what happened here, I wouldn't know who to blame.") What they do know is that agencies with a hand or a finger in flood control are scattered all over Washington; that a struggle for power has been going on for many years between the two government agencies principally concerned with flood control: the Corps of Engineers of the Department of the Army, presumably responsible, and the Bureau of Reclamation of the Department of the Interior. Many distrust the uneasy peace between them now.

"One more thing. Our relationship will be strictly impersonal, so don't go getting any ideas every time I try to kiss you!"

COLLIER'S — BEN ROTH

The bipartisan Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government (the famed Hoover commission headed by the former President) agreed heartily with the farmers on fixing responsibility, in a report to Congress based on an exhaustive investigation of the whole national water problem by one of its expert task forces. The report quoted the task force as saying:

"Painful as the operation may be, the case for unification of the (flood control and river development) functions of the Corps of Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation is so overwhelming that it ought to be effected without further delay." The task force added: "This subject is far too important to be approached from the point of view of old school-tie tradition." This appeared to be a reference to the years-long fight to keep an elite corps of 200 regular Army engineers in control of civil functions in which 50,000 civilians, including 9,000 engineers, are employed.

The Hoover commission saw more than fixed responsibility and efficiency in a merger of the Army engineers' civil duties and those of the Bureau of Reclamation under the Department of the Interior. It was felt that billions of dollars might be saved over a period of time by the elimination of overlapping and duplicated work. The commission pointed out that Congress had authorized upwards of $3,500,000,000 in flood control and rivers and harbors projects under the engineers.

Ironically, the Hoover commission report, which proposed the first long step in the country's history toward "logical and practical" control of water development, has been gathering dust since March, 1949—two years and four months before John Vogel, Emil Heck and tens of thousands like them had to stand helplessly by while the flood waters rushed over their land, and the nation's land.

The pigeonholed commission report recommended that a reorganized Department of the Interior incorporate these principal functions: flood control, reclamation, rivers and harbors improvement, the Bonneville Power Administration, the Southwestern Power Administration and other power agencies which might be transferred from the Federal Power Commission after an intensive study. All these would be in a single division of the department devoted entirely to water development and use services.

The Hoover commission emphasized and re-emphasized, as did many in the flood lands, the overlapping functions of the various water development agencies. The commission task force pointed out the farmer's problem—the possibility of too little water as well as too much—as one of the major reasons for centralizing responsibility, finally and definitely. Irrigation and flood control go hand in hand in the Plains states.

Need of "Safety Valve" Urged

So that there would be a safety valve on vast projects proposed for flood control and related development, the Hoover commission suggested that a Board of Impartial Analysis be established in the President's office to ride herd on the reorganized Department of the Interior and other government agencies which might be involved, such as the Department of Agriculture with its soil conservation activities. Mainly, this board would determine whether Uncle Sam was getting his money's worth.

A minority on the Hoover commission headed by Vice-Chairman Dean Acheson, now Secretary of State, recommended the creation of a new department with cabinet status—a Department of Natural Resources. Actually, so far as flood control is concerned, this department would have about the same authority and responsibility as that proposed by the commission majority for the reorganized Department of the Interior. The commission, minority and majority, was in full agreement that something had to be done to pull flood control and other water development functions together.

Nothing was done. Would it have made any real difference in the flood-stricken Midwest if any such organizational changes had been made back in Washington? No one can say, of course. Thoughtful observers believe that the changes could have made a difference, perhaps a great difference, because it would have then been clear to all—and clear to Washington itself—where the responsibility lay. There would have been an altogether fresh approach, in their opinion, to an old problem which has been mauled around Washington for a century. Also, the old feuds, which seem to die away but which always flare again, would have been wiped out.

Plans Viewed Skeptically

There would have been, or should have been, agreement on the essential elements of a flood control program—the actual impediments to high water. Some of the farmers believe, simply, that first things come first. They hold that the most important job is to prevent disaster, and some of them wonder if many of the plans developed for the Missouri River basin are not so sweeping in scope that they will never be realized.

Right now, there are three major plans for the Missouri River basin, and any one of them will cost incalculable millions. And these are the three:

First, the famed Pick-Sloan plan which is the brainwork of Major General Lewis A. Pick, builder of the Ledo road into China in World War II, long-time student of the Big Muddy's strange ways and now Chief of Army Engineers, and Glenn Sloan, retired, who was once regional engineer of the Bureau of Reclamation. This plan is a compromise between the Army Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation, the two agencies which have been at each other's throats for years. Of it, the Hoover commission task force said:

"Analysis of that plan reveals the fact that it contains many projects which previously had been subjected to devastating criticism by one or the other agency. The 'compromise' consisted for the most part in a division of projects, each agency agreeing to forgo the privilege of criticizing projects assigned by the agreement to the other. The result is in no sense an integrated development plan for the (Missouri River) basin, and there is serious question in this case whether agreement between the two agencies is not more costly to the public than disagreement."

Worse than this, according to Dr. Arthur Maass, long-time student of flood control and a consultant to the Hoover commission, the Army Engineers failed to do their most important job: the development of national water policies which could guide Congress along a course of sound legislative action. He emphasized the criticism of the Engineers by a House of Representatives' appropriations subcommittee which accused them of misleading Congress on the cost of civil projects to the extent of several billion dollars.

Dr. Maass, in a recent book, Muddy Waters: The Army Engineers and the Nation's Rivers, said that four Presidents of the United States—Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Herbert Hoover and

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8:00 am World News Roundup **N**
8:30 Renfro Valley **V**
9:00 CBS News of America **N**
9:15 Barnyard Follies **V**
10:00 Arthur Godfrey Time **V**
11:30 Grand Slam **G**
11:45 Rosemary **DD**
12:00 Wendy Warren **DD**
12:15 pm Aunt Jenny **DD**
12:30 Romance of Helen Trent **DD**
12:45 Our Gal Sunday **DD**
1:00 Big Sister **DD**
1:15 Ma Perkins **DD**
1:30 Young Dr. Malone **DD**
1:45 Guiding Light **DD**
2:00 The Second Mrs. Burton **DD**
2:15 Perry Mason **DD**
2:30 This is Nora Drake **DD**
2:45 Brighter Day **DD**
3:00 Hilltop House **DD**
3:15 House Party, Cedric Adams **DI-V**
3:45 Winner Take All **G**
4:30 Treasury Bandstand **M**
4:55 News **N**
5:00 Music You Know **M**
5:30 Top Tune Time **M**
5:45 Curt Massey Time **M**
6:00 Allan Jackson & the News **N**
6:15 You and the World **DI**
6:45 Lowell Thomas **N**
7:00 Beulah **C**
7:15 Jack Smith—Dinah Shore **M**
7:30 Bob Crosby's Club 15 **M**
7:45 Ed Murrow with the News **N**
8:00 F.B.I. in Peace and War **D**
8:30 Hallmark Playhouse **D**
9:00 Inspector Hearthstone **D**
9:30 Operation Underground **D**
10:00 The Line-Up **D**
10:30 Robert Q.'s Waxworks **M**
11:00 World Tonight, Eric Sevareid
11:10 News Analysis, Sevareid **N**
11:15 Dance Orchestras **M**
12:00 News **N**
12:05 am Dance Orchestras **M**
1:00 News **N**

V-variety **M**-music
C-comedy **D**-drama
N-news **DD**-daytime drama
G-games **DI**-discussion
S-sports **R**-religion

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Franklin D. Roosevelt—tried without success to change the methods by which the Army Engineers carried out their responsibility for water control. He charged this failure to the "pork barrel" relationship between the Army Engineers and individual members of Congress which put essentially local projects ahead of broad planning.

Those are harsh words, but Congress has already committed itself to the whole of the Pick-Sloan plan, though it has placed limitations on the amounts to be spent without further rechecks. Some of the projects have already been completed. The whole program, however, is far from realization. Construction sometimes follows Congressional authorization by a long, long time. There have been guesses that the Pick-Sloan plan would cost upwards of $20,000,000,000 to finish. Those who like the plan dispute such a figure.

The Pick-Sloan blueprint provides, ultimately, for 150 multipurpose dams; total and partial irrigation for 6,000,000 acres; 1,500 miles of levees to protect farms and towns; power production of 13,000,000,000 kilowatt-hours a year; deepened rivers for navigation; water supplies for cities; a chain of huge lakes with greatly expanded recreational facilities, such as fishing, swimming and boating, throughout the basin area.

Pros and Cons of Pick Plan

General Pick, who has lived with the rampaging rivers of the Midwest for many years, is dead sure that his plan is the answer to both the danger of too much water and the ever-present fear of too little. Some recent reports from Washington have indicated that General Pick is getting a very friendly ear at the White House. Certainly, he has one big advantage in finally putting his plan across: he *has* a carefully detailed plan and he is on his way in actual construction. Still, his opponents say he hasn't got the answers.

Second, there is the stormy Missouri Valley Authority (MVA) plan which would copy the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA), but on a much grander scale. The proposed MVA would reach out over 12 states of our rich midlands with a quarter of all U.S. farms and with a hundred rivers to control and develop. Like the Pick-Sloan plan, MVA would produce a large amount of electrical power, possibly more than that projected by General Pick. The idea for MVA was first broached by President Roosevelt back in 1944, and it has been an explosive issue in the Midwest ever since then. (The MVA proposal, by the way, was what forced the Army Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation into their compromise.)

Sponsors of MVA legislation are mostly Democrats and administration supporters, so the report that President Truman listened kindly to General Pick has caused unhappy speculation. However, the Democrats expect the President to go down the line with them on MVA. What this will mean is doubtful unless the legislation gets some kind of action in the next year.

MVA has the support of several large newspapers in the Midwest, some of them Republican, but Republicans generally—and the flood lands are largely Republican—look upon the plan with considerable misgivings. They fear that competition with private enterprise and tight government controls will go along with flood control and water conservation. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat minces no words. It calls MVA "phony and Socialistic."

At any rate, the MVA proposal is sure to figure prominently in the '52 political upheaval over flood control and what, if anything, is going to be done to give greater security to the most fertile lands we have.

Third, there is a Department of Agriculture plan which would supplement the Pick-Sloan plan with a vast soil conservation program. This plan, according to some estimates, would cost $8,500,000,000. Covering a period of 30 years, this department's flood control program would provide: 14,000 to 16,000 small upstream

COLLIER'S **"This is $15 a dram. Or would you like the large economy size, one-ounce bottle?"** JEFF KEATE

dams with 408,000 farm ponds to keep the water from running off; reseeding of 38,400,000 acres of range, cropland and forest range to hold the moisture; contouring and treatment of 56,000,000 acres; tree shelter belts to cost $250,000,000; windbreaks for rural buildings; irrigation and drainage; 78,200 new wells and, finally, a crusade against bugs and rodents of all kinds. The Department of Agriculture plan has a feature that neither of the other plans has. The states—the 12 states of the Missouri basin—and the farmers themselves would pay $5,500,000,000 of the $8,500,000,000.

Those are the big plans. There are others. Blueprints are stacked high in half-a-dozen buildings in Washington and in the offices of every Missouri Valley congressman. Grimly aware of this, the Kansas City Star, a distinguished spokesman for the devastated areas, says:

"Yet here we are in the year 1951 and the greatest nation in the world has made only spotty progress toward protecting its people from an ancient menace."

Perhaps one of these plans, or some of all of them, or another still to come, will protect the flood lands someday. There is no reluctance in high places to discuss large sums of money for flood control and water development. That has always been the case. The Citizens' Committee for the Hoover Report pointed out: "There never was a time when the nation could afford the $52,000,000,000 worth of plans which the (Army) Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation have dreamed up in their mad rivalry."

Farmers and businessmen in farm communities are baffled.

"I wouldn't know which plan to support with any kind of confidence that it is right," one of them told me. "I've been confused by all the argument and recrimination. Maybe if we had had parts of all the plans, the big dams, the little dams and more soil conservation, we might have escaped the worst of it. You can't say for sure. The problem is too big and covers too much territory. Somebody has got to be responsible and we've got to trust them."

In effect, many of those badly hurt by the disaster seem to doubt that the men they must trust have really accepted responsibility and, without reaching for power or advantage, worked out a truly integrated flood control program. But the men on the Kaw are not looking for a scapegoat. They hope that the nation has been sufficiently shocked this time to bring about real flood control. (This flood was far, far worse than the great Ohio-Mississippi flood of 1937.) They have faith—and the willingness to work to win back the land. They consider that their job now.

Men like John Vogel face the job—the one nobody can help them do—so calmly and undramatically that you'd think they were going out to do the evening chores. But it will take years in some cases to work life into the flooded midlands. The silt and sand must be plowed under, not once but many times. The land must be constantly fertilized. The gullies and the ditches must be filled in and the land leveled, and this means running the tractors over them again and again. The cottonwoods and the weeds must be licked.

Visiting John Vogel at Home

John Vogel is a medium-sized man but with good shoulders and strong hands. He has blue-gray eyes, clear and steady, which always seem to be turned toward the fields or up to the skies. He has the weathered look of the Kansan and some relation with the land that no outsider could ever fully appreciate. It is almost mystic.

I sat in the living room of John Vogel's wonderfully warm and friendly home, a neat, square, white house with a porch you'd like on a summer evening, and heard him tell what the flood had done to him and what he proposed to do about his land. "There are plenty worse off than we are," he said. "We were lucky." In a way, what he said was true, but the case of John Vogel shows forcefully enough that floods do not just come and go. You live with them for a long time afterward. There's the work on the land and the heavy losses. It will take many a good year to make up what was lost on the Vogel farms. A friend estimated damage at $30,000.

Irene, John Vogel's wife, sat by while he talked. Theirs was a college romance—at the University of Kansas. (Both are incurable football fans.) They met when he was a freshman from Phillipsburg in western Kansas and she was a junior. They were married when he finished his business course in 1939 and he took over management of the farm from his wife's mother, Mrs. Edward C. Schaake. He has been running and expanding it ever since. They have two children now, Nancy, ten, and

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Jerry, eight. Nancy is getting ready to go into the Four-H club next fall and is already taking care of her own registered Angus heifer. Jerry has one, too.

This was going to be a fine Christmas for the Vogel family. He had a bumper crop coming along when the waters rose. He had nothing when they receded. There were 100 acres of corn ("the most beautiful corn I ever saw"); 125 acres of wheat; 80 acres of alfalfa; the rest of the land in good pasture grass and clover as part of his crop rotation program—all of it wiped out. Some of the hay was ruined by dampness after he managed to cut it.

Losses and Disappointments

But no corn, no hay and no pasture meant an even greater loss. John Vogel had 35 fine Hampshire brood sows and he had figured on raising 280 pigs. He had to abandon the project. He was pretty proud of 39 head of white-faced Hereford steers he had in the feeding lot for fattening and he had to sell all but 12 before he could get weight (his profit) on them. One loss seemed to hurt him a little more than the stock. That was a brand-new fence with steel posts (90 cents each) which he had just finished building around 70 acres of the farm. Fence building is backbreaking work.

"We were lucky, though," he said. "We didn't lose the house and the barns like so many of the people in Douglas County did." The fact is that the Vogels came very close to losing their home, too. The rushing waters churned a hole 10 feet deep about 20 to 30 feet from the house. The basement was flooded and the pool table is in pretty bad shape, but the Vogels won't have much time for their playroom in the years ahead.

The two big barns stood firm although the new concrete flooring in the one by the south feeding lot was cracked and ruined. The new machinery shed was flooded but the foundation held and most of the valuable farm equipment was saved. There is heavy investment in machinery on a modern farm. Vogel, for example, has three tractors costing from $1,500 to $2,600; a self-propelled corn picker; a combine for small grains, a hay mower and equipment for fertilizing, seeding, cultivating and a dozen other purposes. He has a fully equipped machine shop to keep it in condition, and repair and overhauling is one of his winter tasks.

The Vogel garage collapsed and was swept away by the water. Their brand-new car was tossed about in the farmyard and finally came to rest, with nose upturned, in a barn door. Most of the great elms, welcome shade in the flatlands, survived and the small cherry orchard will live, but Mrs. Vogel's carefully tended rows of iris and the hedges are gone. Silt and sand were everywhere and, in the winter wet, this was mud. It covered the fences and piled against the barns so high that cattle couldn't get to the troughs. In the fields, the depth of the silt and sand on top of the fertile soil varied from a few inches to three feet deep.

I looked about the comfortable living room. There was a neatly arranged kneehole desk and this was where John Vogel did his paper work. A farmer has to do a lot of it these days. Above the desk was a colored air view of the farm before the flood—a proud picture in a proud place. Books on hog raising were all around. "I used to read a lot about hogs and farming," Mr. Vogel said, "but I don't seem to find time any more. I barely get through the reading I have to do—the news and current things on agriculture." Piled on a table were the Farm Journal, Successful Farming, the Kansas City Drovers' Telegram, the Topeka Daily Capital, the Lawrence Journal-World and his church paper, The Lutheran.

John Vogel may not find the time to read much about hogs now, but he manages to carry on an extraordinary amount of community and religious work. He teaches a young people's class at the Trinity Lutheran Church in Lawrence every Sunday morning and is a trustee on the church board; he is a director of the Lawrence Chamber of Commerce and a member of its important agricultural committee; a member of the board of trustees of Midland College at Fremont, Nebraska, a Lutheran school; a member of the Grant Township committee of George Butell's Production and Marketing Administration district, and a treasurer of the Bismarck school district where Nancy and Jerry attend with about a dozen other farm children.

"Sunup to sundown isn't enough time on a farm now," John Vogel was saying. He and his only hired man, young Bus Greenwell, do many of the chores under electric lights. Through this autumn, John Vogel managed to get the deep plows working on the land. These deep plows, cutting 30 to 45 inches into the soil, are already beginning to turn the silt and sand under, and this helps stop the cottonwoods, too. Deep plowing costs about $42 an acre on land which, at best, is valued at $300 to $400 an acre. "It will have to be worth a lot more than that when we get finished," Mr. Vogel says, but he isn't thinking of the resale value of the land. He is thinking of the good harvest it can give.

Once the deep plowing is done, there will be more shallow plowing and leveling. Then the fertilizers will do their very important part of the job. "The land will need the best seed," Mr. Vogel says. "My guess is that it will take us 10 years to get the soil back to where it was when the flood hit us. The life has gone out of it."

Floods Ruin Crops and Soil

Some of the land in Douglas County is in such bad condition that it will cost as much as $125 an acre to deep-plow, level it and get it ready for seeding again. That doesn't count a man's hard work. In the county—and Douglas is typical of what happened in the flood lands—18,800 acres out of 36,700, a good half, were badly damaged by the flood. Practically every acre of wheat, all the alfalfa and oats, all but 500 acres of nearly 11,000 acres of corn were destroyed. The crop losses, with damage and destruction in buildings and equipment, were estimated at close to $5,000,000 on Douglas County farms alone. This estimate is considered very conservative, perhaps too much so.

A special U.S. Soil Conservation Service survey, made more than two months after the flood, would indicate that it is much higher. Total farm damage in Kansas was estimated in this survey to be $412,000,000. Count the damage in nearby states and in the cities and towns, the Kansas City, Missouri, industrial bottom lands where the Missouri and the Kaw converge to flow toward the Mississippi, and you have a billion-dollar loss.

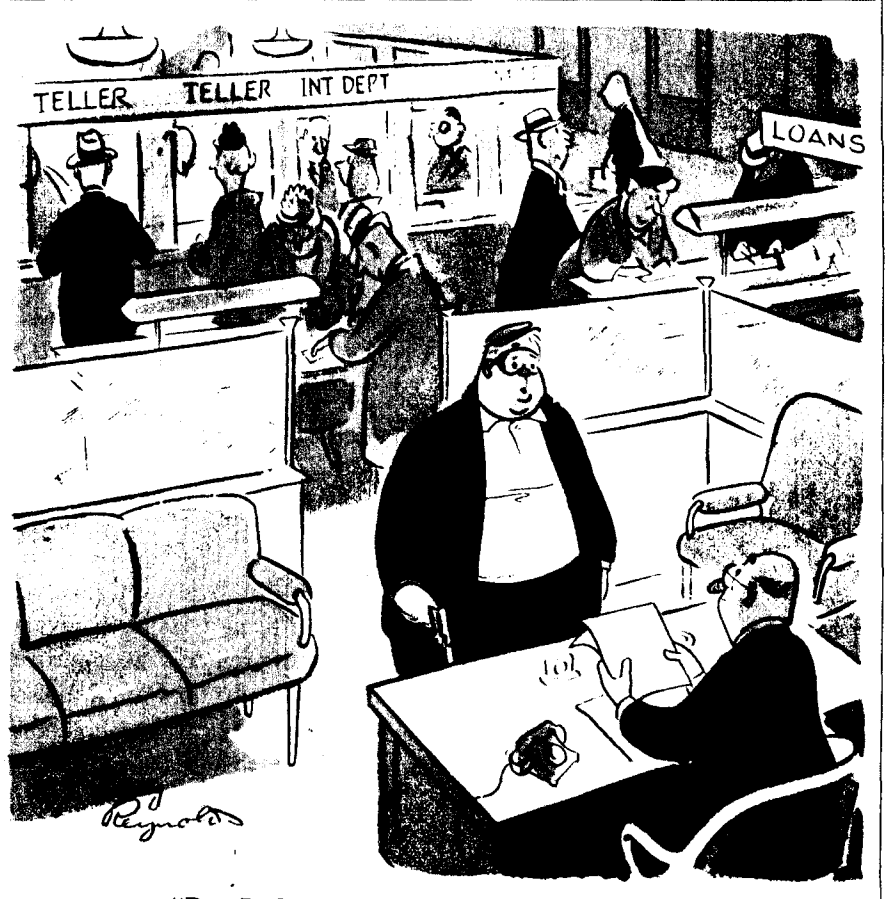
There will be a permanent loss of land, too. Even as hard a worker as John Vogel is not going to try to restore five of his acres along the riverbank.

Nobody is likely to find empty shelves at the grocery store or butcher shop because of the flood. But the Department of Agriculture has warned that there will be food shortages unless the land is brought back into production at once. Neither the Vogels nor the nation can wait for long-time solutions to the flood control problem. In the words of many who have seen the flood lands, the debate cannot be allowed to go on and on; there must be some agreement, integration and single-purpose in the quest for sky-high appropriations; the dam builders, the conservationists and the power developers must get together. And, importantly, these observers say, first consideration must be given to those things which actually hold back the devastating waters.

Fortunately, the Vogels are going ahead with restoration of the battered plains even while the threat of another flood—or drought—hangs over them. They are working into the night, wearier than those of the city ever are, because they do have the faith and the guts to wage a long, long war in which there is no glory at all.

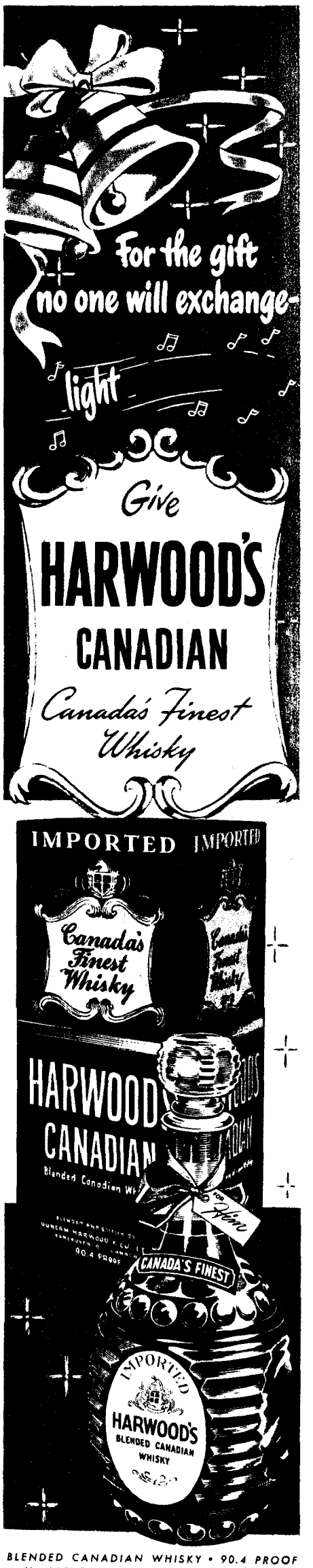
And, as the neighbor said, John Vogel could have said to hell with it. THE END

BUTCH



"But I already seen Mr. Travis. He said I should see Mr. Finch, an' Mr. Finch told me to see you. I think you guys are givin' me th' run aroun'"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS



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LOWELL HESS

Firm Stand on Santa Claus and the Spirit of Giving

THIS PAGE HAS HAD A LOT to say about the questions of the day. We've tried to take a firm position on arson, murder and sedition, on crooked politics and such, and other things we don't like much. By now you know what we're agin by way of infamy and sin. Today those things we shall ignore and talk of things that we are for.

Atop the precious list we place that blessing of the human race, the Santa legend which we hail as mankind's finest fairy tale, with old Kris Kringle hero of the story we have learned to love—the fairy tale come true that yearly the populace observes sincerely, with everybody giving things from quarter toys to diamond rings, and everybody bursting with a love of neighbor, friend and kith—and getting such an obvious kick in emulation of Saint Nick, whose bulging pack and kindly ways we've known since childhood's early days.

And so we take the firmest stand in giving Santa Claus a hand. His reindeer we approve of, too, and safely feel that so do you. We also hail the make-believe so typical of Christmas Eve, with stockings hung up side by side awaiting Santa's chimney slide.

Yes, we are boldly pro-Kris Kringle—and our determined stand we mingle with this familiar Yuletide call:

A Merry Christmas to You All.

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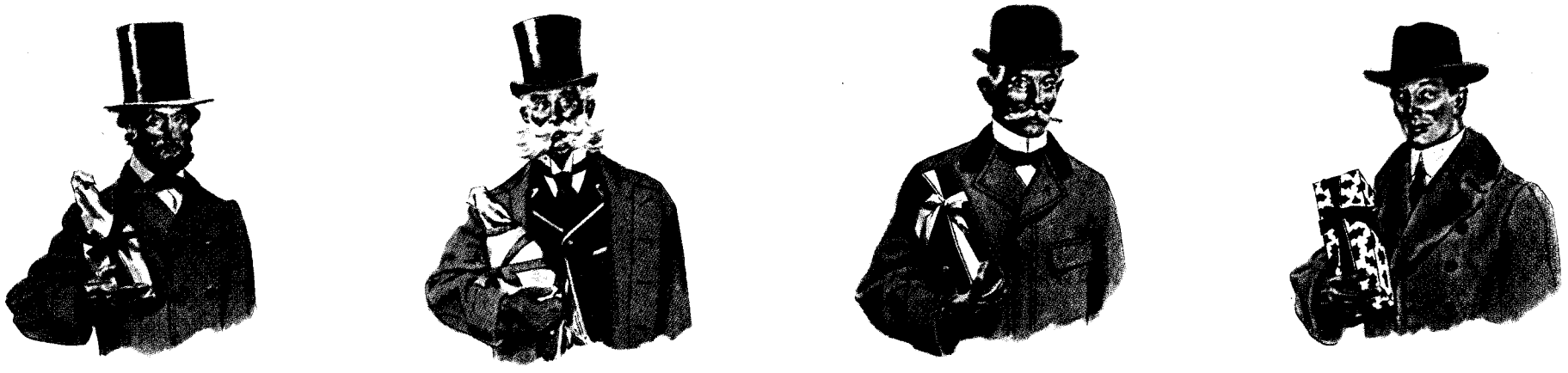

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